Vol. CXXXV. No. 1758.

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THE BYSTANDER AUGUST 25, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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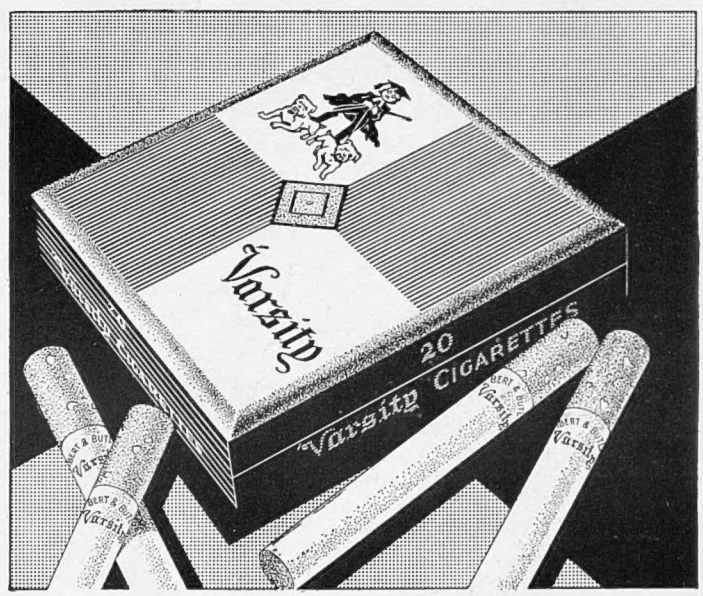

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The Bystander, August 25, 1937 No. 1758. Vol. CXXXV.

The Bystander

Anthony

Fay Compton—"Victoria Regina" for the Antipodes

Fay Compton sails away next Saturday on the Oronsay for Melbourne, with the praise from her latest stage success still echoing in the theatrical columns. That was her Paulina in the Open Air Theatre's production of *The Winter's Tale*, which everyone acclaimed as not only an exquisite piece of acting but a new light on this hitherto disregarded part. Her appearance in Sydney Carroll's season was her first since the smash hit of *Call It a Day*, and now London won't get another chance to see her for some time. *Victoria Regina*, with Miss Compton as the Queen, opens in Melbourne in October; she will also play there in Coward's *To-night at 8.30*, and repeat them both later in New Zealand and South Africa

Mr. Somerset Maugham Looked Stern

He was photographed at a table with, apparently, nothing on it·

Mrs. Winston Churchill Smiled

She was at a table with beer and a basket of Bretzel on it

Outside St.

The crowd was discussing and Fritz Krenn's solos in

Festival Time in Salzburg

Herr Max Reinhardt

Reinhardt is again responsible for the two Salzburg perennials, von Hoffmannsthal's "Everyman" and Goethe's "Faust." A memorial to the former poet was unveiled at Salzburg by Baron Georg Franckenstein, London's Austrian Minister

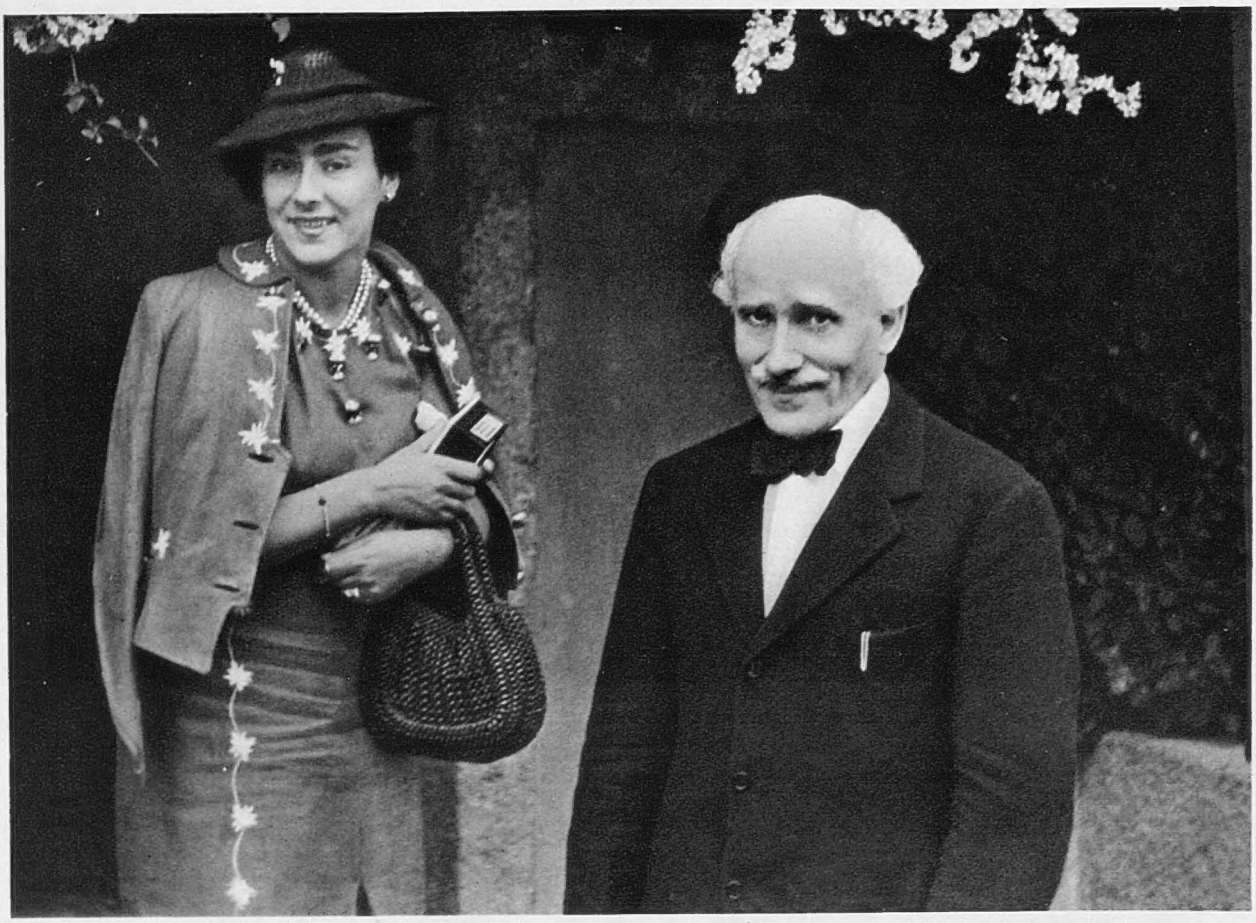
The Somiglis

Signor and Signora Somigli were snapshot as so often happens to Salzburg celebrities — in a Weinschenk (actually the Café Bazar). Franca Somigli sings Mistress Ford in Verdi's "Falstaff"

Right: if we know the Austrians, there was not a word of politics mentioned between the Mayor of Salzburg and Dr. Schuschnigg, who met after Mozart's mass in the Peterskirche

Salzburg's Mayor, Austria's Premier

Peter's Church
Felicie Hüni-Mihacsek
Mozart's C Minor mass



Countess Castelbarco and Signor Toscanini

Countess "Wally" Castelbarco is Signor Arturo Toscanini's daughter, and they were photographed beneath the blossom of his Salzburg home. This year Salzburg's great man conducts a lovely rendering of Verdi's Requiem as well as four operas: of these, "Die Zauberflöte" makes an obvious comparison with Bruno Walter's handling of Mozart in "Figaro" in which Lotte Lehmann comes under his baton. She is not singing Eva in the "Meistersinger" this year

Madame Lotte Lehmann

Herr Bruno Walter

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

JAPAN'S aggression in Shanghai and elsewhere in China is a perfect though tragic justification of the attitude taken up by adherents of the League of Nations in 1932. On that occasion, in the face of Japan's treaty breaking, those who believed in the League urged co-operation with the U.S.A. to use all peaceful means to prevent Japan from "getting away with it." Those who disbelieved in any system of international co-operation or international law scoffed at the idea, and Sir John Simon, as Foreign Secretary, pursued a policy which ensured Japan's success. We were told that once Japan had secured Northern Manchuria she would sit down and become a nice, peaceful little nation, and that everything would be jolly and matey.

THE pro-Japanese party in this country at that time—and it was highly vocal—also screamed that any action by the League meant war. So no action by the League was allowed. And the result is, as we see it to-day, war. What will the pro-Japanese and anti-Leaguers say when Japan approaches Hong-Kong?

The Chinese Ambassador

Mr. Quo Tai-chi, after a conference with Mr. Anthony Eden about Shanghai and Britain's unsuccessful attempt to find a "peaceful solution" to the undeclared war, was arriving back at his Embassy in Portland Place

"Ah!" they say now, "there is no need for us to answer that question, because it will never arrive. Once Japan has got Shanghai and Nanking, she will sit down and become a nice, peaceful little nation, and everything will be jolly and matey." And so the old folly repeats itself time after time.

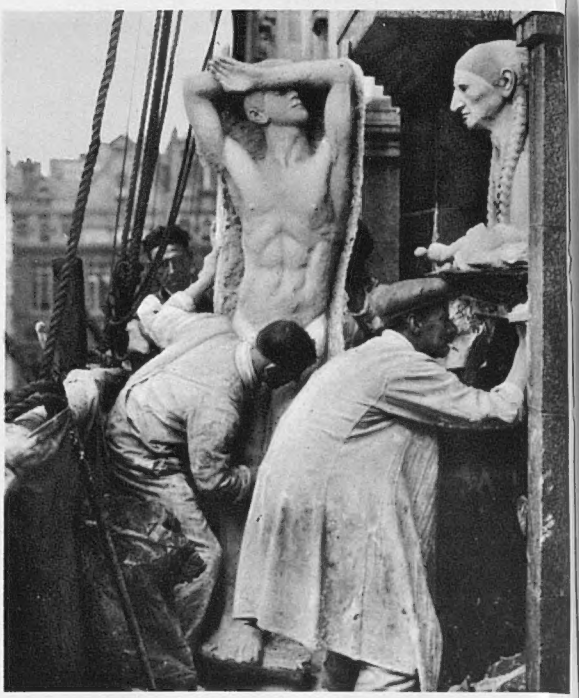
THE truth is, of course, that the whole basis of every dictatorship is that it must go forward. It cannot remain static. It must be perpetually dazzling its subjects with brilliant successes. The Japanese military party is no exception. It has created its machine and the machine must go forward. From Shanghai the next logical step is Hong-Kong, and after Hong-Kong there is Australia or the Dutch East Indies; and so it will go on unless bankruptcy intervenes.

THE British Admiralty has authorised British warships to open fire on any submarines that attack a British merchant ship. This is a sequel to the attack upon the Spanish ship at the mouth of the Dardanelles, and is a plain statement of the plain fact, that these submarines, of whatever nationality they may be, are simply pirates.

WHEN the Assembly of the League of Nations meets in September it will have to face not only the tricky business of the credentials of the delegate for Abyssinia, but also the re-election of Spain to the Council. Hitherto, Spain, although not a permanent member, has been re-elected every three years. But before she can be re-elected she must first be declared eligible for re-election by a two-thirds' majority of the Assembly, voting in secret. There will be strong pressure by certain parties to have her thrown off the Council, and strong pressure from certain others to keep her on. No one yet knows what attitude the British Government is going to take, if any.

THE *News-Chronicle* has announced that Signor Mussolini has twice this year asked the Emperor of Abyssinia if he would return to Addis Ababa as the puppet sovereign of an Italian state, and that on both occasions the Emperor has refused. The conclusion which Mr. Philip Jordan, the famous war correspondent of the *News-Chronicle*, draws, is that the Italians are not very happy in their new Empire. The Ethiopians appear to be waging a very skilful guerilla warfare, and the Italian civilians who went out to colonise the promised land are now exceedingly anxious to return to a less ambitious life.

IF Scotland Yard fail for the fourth time in succession to arrest a Soho murderer the public will be entitled to ask what exactly is going on in that West End district of London. In each case it is a woman who has been murdered, and in each case by strangulation. The evidence which came out in Paris at the trial of Red Max Kassel was not at all creditable either to London or to its police. If Scotland Yard knows what is going on in Soho, it is a disgrace that it has not cleaned up the district long since, and if it does not know, then it ought to.



Plastic Surgery

Controversies about statues have been good August "copy" this year—Epstein's Rhodesia House sculpture winning by a short head from Rodin's "Burghers of Calais." Here are workmen making plaster casts of the Epstein statues before the "amputations" which are to be carried out under Sir W. Reid Dick's supervision because they have been pronounced dangerous to passers-by below

ONCE again part of New York is suffering one of the disadvantages of building those wonderful and beautiful skyscrapers. Ten thousand people are employed in the two Hudson Buildings down-town, and when the liftmen suddenly went on strike all those workers had to climb anything up to twenty-two storeys in a temperature of more than 80 degrees. They also had to climb down and up again at lunch-time. As a matter of fact, they were lucky in working in such a small building. The Empire State Building has 106 storeys.

New York is in a bad way when Miss Waygood-Otis regrets she is unable to rise to-day.

THE amalgamation of *Nash's Magazine* with *Good Housekeeping*—which virtually amounts to the extinction of *Nash's*—is very sad. The number of first-class short-story magazines has been steadily dwindling for years, but I did think that *Nash* would survive. It is not so long ago that R. J. Mealand, a young and brilliant American editor, was sent over by the Hearst organisation to push *Nash* along, and he succeeded so well and so quickly that he almost doubled the circulation. But it was labour in vain. I fancy that the ubiquitous sixpenny novels have done a great

deal to harm the magazines. In their favour it can be said that they are helping to popularise reading, and that is all to the good. At least, for those who write.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR in the course of his enormous trip through North-Western Canada, has been invested as an Indian Chief with the name of "Chief of the Big Mountains." If Colonel John Buchan, the eminent novelist, had made the same trip he would unquestionably have been named by the Indians "Chief of the Big Co-incidence."

THE Irish Free State has never given up its claim to the thirty-nine pictures of the Hugh Lane Collection, and Mr. William Butler Yeats, the poet, has recently said that the controversy is about to be reopened.

Sir Hugh Lane, who was drowned in the Lusitania, left the pictures to the London National Gallery, but changed his mind, and in a codicil, left them to Dublin. Unfortunately, his signature was not witnessed, and on this dubious ground, London grabbed the pictures.

Whatever the technical rights and wrongs of the dispute may be, it would be a graceful act if the country which loosed the Black and Tans and the Auxiliaries upon Ireland were to give the pictures to Dublin of its own free will.

LAST week's pair of period plays have so far received unexpectedly different receptions. Mr. Van Druten's *Gertie Maude* did not arouse the critics to great enthusiasm. On the other hand, Mr. Keith Winter's mid-Victorian play has raised his reputation surprisingly. Hitherto, Mr. Winter has been far below Mr. Van Druten in the estimation of connoisseurs of the theatre, but last week has certainly narrowed the gap.

THE yacht races which have been sailed in America after the America's Cup races were finished have clearly shown that Endeavour II. simply was not a good enough boat. There was nothing wrong with her handling or her crew. In these subsidiary races, with different helmsmen, and against different yachts, she has been repeatedly defeated.

I WENT for a couple of hours to see the Test Match against New Zealand at the Oval, and saw the first two hours of the English batting. There were sixteen thousand people there, the wicket was hard and true, the out-field was fast, the New Zealand bowling was good, plain, county stuff, and there was no possibility whatever of England losing the match. Yet Hutton batted an hour for twelve runs, and England only scored 86 in two hours. It was a dismal and dreary spectacle and of the kind that makes one despair of the future of first-class cricket. Curiously, another of these attempts to kill first-class cricket took place during the same week-end at Trent Bridge, the ground of the Nottinghamshire club. Play on the last day did not last until the usual 6.30 p.m., but it was arranged to draw stumps at 5.30 instead. And even that was not adhered to, for stumps were actually drawn at 5.15 p.m. Neither side, Notts nor Derbyshire, made the slightest attempt to win the match, and the spectators were deliberately done out of their shillingsworth.

THE athletic contest between England and Germany, which ended in a brilliant victory for England, seemed at first sight to have run counter to the usual form of international games, for the whole match was conducted in the best possible tradition of sportsmanship, and the Germans who took part warmly praised their conquerors. But it has turned out afterwards that this cordial atmosphere was too good to last. General Goering's pet newspaper has explained that England only won by selecting such events as our athletes were likely to do well in, and that, in effect, we faked the programme. Thus is harmony between the nations invariably promoted by what are called sports.

Dancers' Return

Nina Golovina and Helene Kirsova are two leading members of Colonel de Basil's Number Two ballet company which has just got back from its twelve-months' trip to Australia. Of these two sitting on their trunks at St. Pancras, Kirsova was a leading dancer with René Blum's company last year before she joined de Basil, and Golovina is an English girl who graduated to ballet from the ranks of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies

Stage Brother and Sister

Robin and Annabel Maule, aged twelve and fourteen, both had successes in new plays in London last week. Annabel is in John van Druten's "Gertie Maude" at St. Martin's, and Robin is in Keith Winter's "Old Music" at the St. James's. This must be something of a theatrical record

On the Riviera

Monte Carlo and Eden Roc

Lady Brougham and Vaux

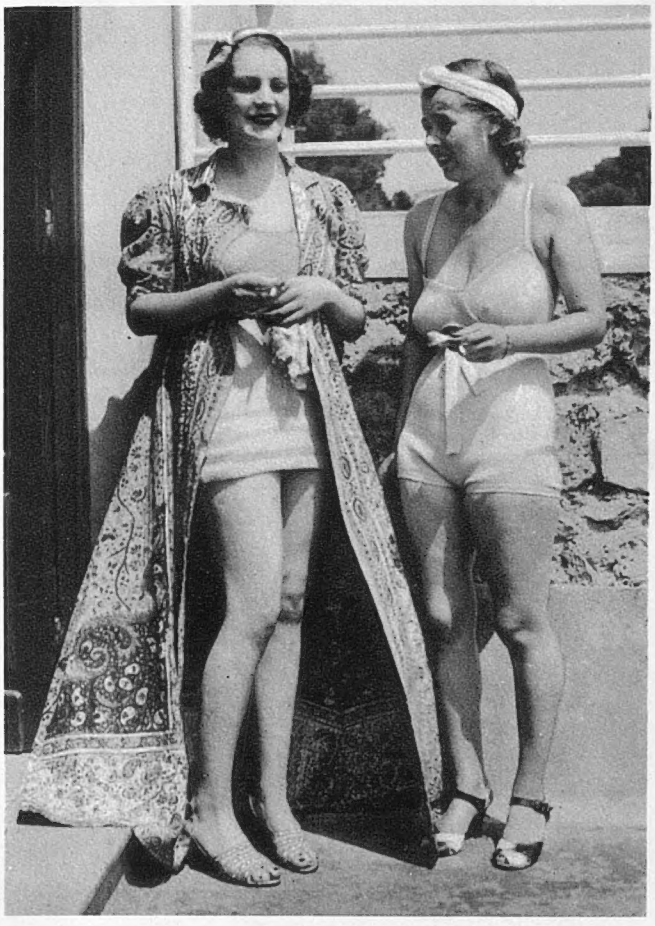
Lady Brougham and Vaux (who was Jean Follett and has been married two years) was sitting at a Monte Carlo beach-table

Lord Howland

The Duke of Bedford's tall grandson stays at Cannes but spends most of his days at Eden Roc

The Hon. Mrs. Healing

Mrs. Peter Healing, Lord Petre's sister, had Monte Carlo as her Riviera headquarters

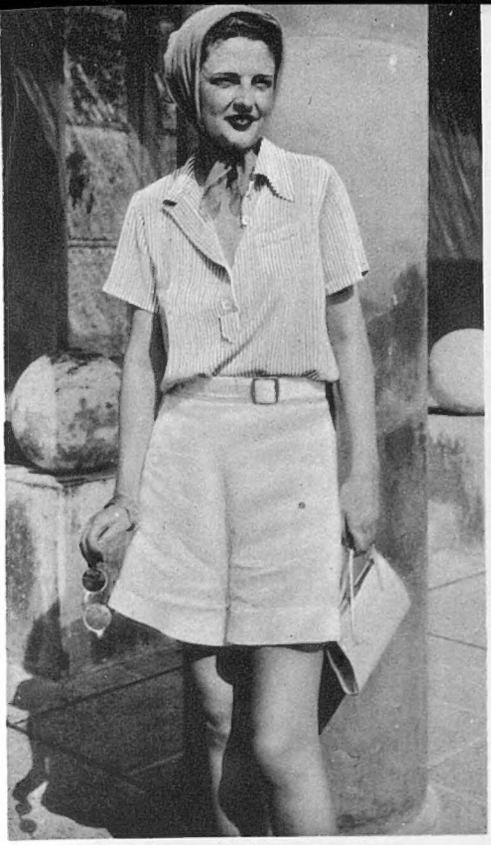


Miss Diana Mills and Lady Lavinia Dundas

These two were photographed at Eden Roc; they are both going to be bridesmaids to Miss Susan North when she marries Mr. R. A. C. Graham next month. But first Miss Mills (whose Paisley housecoat beach-wrap is a good topical fashion) is going to Scotland

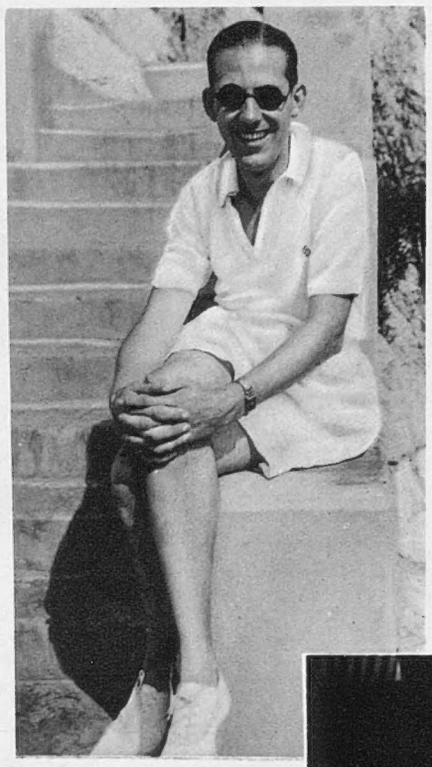
Right: Beatrice Lillie has been blessing the Riviera with her incomparable presence, as she usually does about this time of year, as part of the European holiday she spends with her son, Sir Robert Peel

Lady Peel

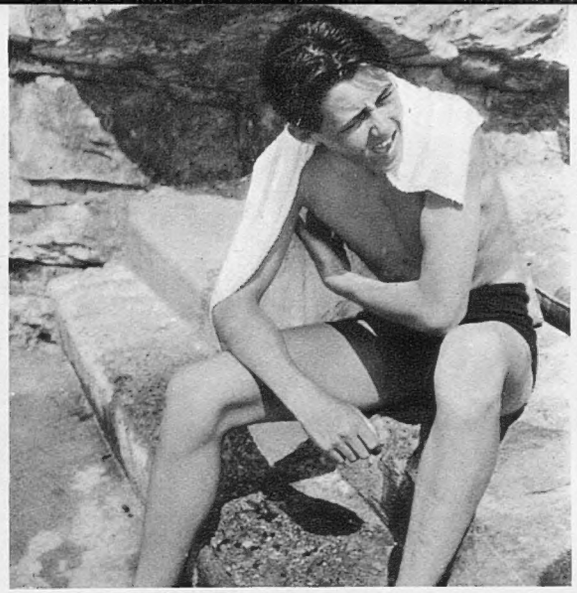


Miss "Gigs" Macfarlane

Miss Macfarlane comes from Santa Barbara but gets to Monte Carlo regularly both spring and summer



Mr. Teddy Tinling is a tennis player and a dress designer, so naturally he has designed Miss Dorothy Round's wedding dress

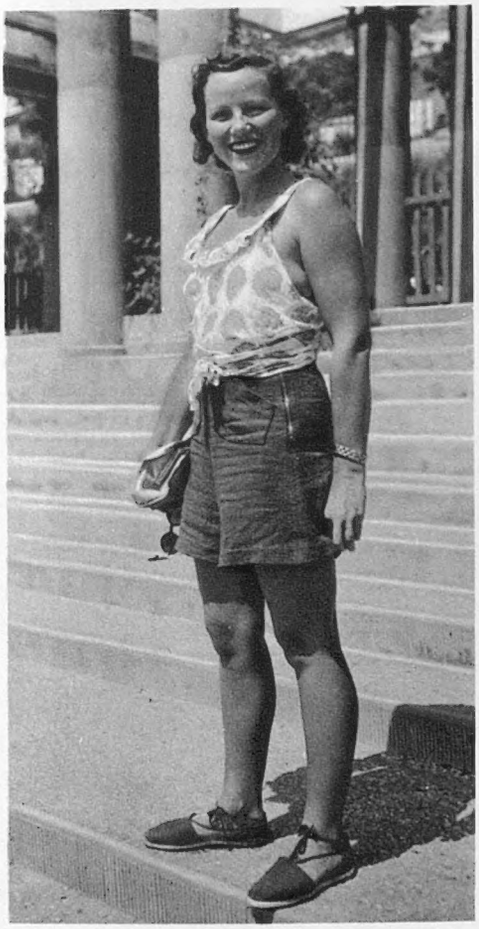


Lord Bruce Dundas

Lord Zetland's younger son has been at Eden Roc with his sister, Lady Lavinia Dundas. He is seventeen this year

Mr. Armstrong and Miss Drummond

Monica Drummond (who strikes the Paisley note again) and Mark Armstrong were both staying with Donna Carla Raggio-Browne in her Cap Martin villa. Mr. Armstrong is a pianist but is also on the Stock Exchange



Lady Mary Dunn

Looked as cheerful as the sun, and refreshingly un-dressed-up considering Monte Carlo was her setting

Below: Mrs. Percy Melville is one of the few people on the Riviera who don't sun-bathe. With her is Count Loris Riccio, the Italian landscape painter

Below: Mr. Sebastian de Mier and Miss Sheila Van Meurs lent on a Roc parapet. He is half French, half Spanish (his mother is Mrs. Arbuthnot-Leslie) and lives and works in London

A Visit to Canada

Lord and Lady Titchfield and their two daughters, Lady Anne and Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, left for Canada last week on the Duchess of Bedford. They are staying with Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir in Ottawa

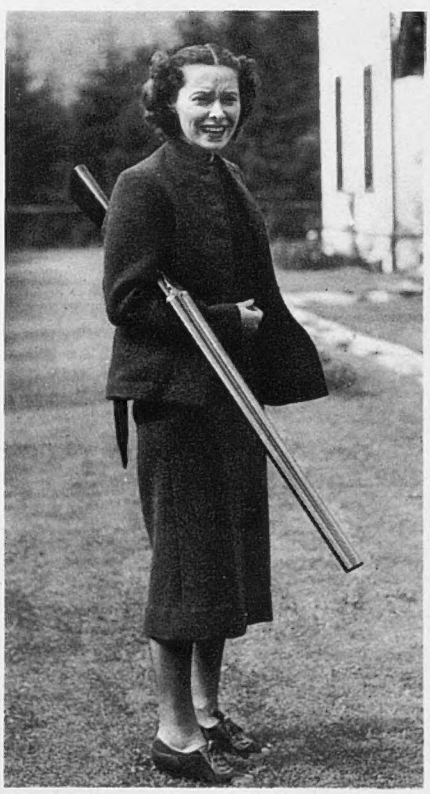
Other Holidays

Fell Walking

Mrs. Portman and Princess Alphonse de Caraman Chimay were on the Shap Fell moors (Lord Lonsdale's) which are being shot by Colonel Lowther

Sun and No Snow at Klosters

Left: Mrs. John Fell and Miss Diana Christiansen sat by the swimming pool at Klosters, one of the many Swiss resorts that have been full of summer visitors. Mrs. Fell, who comes from New York, has been recuperating from a broken leg, result of a ski-ing visit to Klosters earlier in the year



Grouse Shooting in Scotland

Mlle. Lili Murati, the Hungarian actress, has been staying with Mrs. T. B. Thornton at Glen Doll, Angus

Lady Mountgarret was out on the Glen Moye moors in Sir Gifford and Lady Fox's party

Racing in Ireland

Lady Jean Dundas, Mrs. Ken Holman and Miss Molly Morrough-Ryan (whose home is Dunboyne Castle, Co. Meath) were watching a race at the Baldoyle meeting, Dublin

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 34

Romney Brent

IT was Noel Coward's song, "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," which made Romney Brent's reputation in London. Then he followed it up with his perfect portrait of the stooge in *Three Men on a Horse*. Now he is playing opposite Annabella in *Follow the Sun*, a New World film at Denham. Not that Romney Brent is his real name or that he is any relation of Evelyn or George of that ilk. Born in Saltille, Mexico, he answers legally to Romulo Larralde, his father having been a well-to-do Basque who represented his adopted country as honorary attaché to the Mexican Legation in Madrid and Paris.

Romney himself is five feet six, with curious nut-shaped, lovat-tweed eyes, full lips, a high forehead, wavy hair, tiny feet and smaller hands. Physically lazy, he likes to sit cross-legged on a chair like a Chinaman; mentally alert he is fond of conversation—at which he is an adept.

EVEN at the age of seven he seemed destined for the screen. When asked what he would like for his seventh birthday, he said he wished for his photograph to be taken. Later on his parents told him to be a lawyer. One look at torts, however, and he became a vagabond player, his first job being that of an idiot clown in *He Who Gets Slapped*. A series of low parts in highbrow plays followed with mediocre success, until he played young Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice*. Well, I mean to say. It was a pluperfect piece of casting and, of course, young Romney stole the show, Arliss notwithstanding.

That was his personal turn of the tide as an actor. But in 1929 he lost all his money in the crash. So he turned round and wrote *The Mad Hopes*, which still brings him in royalties from amateur dramatic societies all over the United States. A series of other parts culminated in his proving beyond doubt that he is the King of Stage Simpletons, by acting the clergyman in G.B.S.'s play of that name, *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*. How he will make out as a wise-cracking detective in his new picture, I don't know, but he has had any amount of screen experience with Bergner, Jessie Matthews and Arliss.

ROMNEY BRENT plays no games and cannot understand why people want to take exercise. Yet he is quite a professional sightseer, liking to see new things, eat new things and do new things. Symphony concerts also set him up in a big way. Eating blinis with Polish vodka at Korniloff's in Paris with his wife Gina Malo is his real idea of an earthly Paradise, but writing intrigues him a lot and he has successfully adapted a number of original stories by Roland Pertwee and James Laver.

In private life he is droll, easily amused and easily amusing. And what I particularly like about him is that he is one of the few successful actors who haven't the slightest desire ever to play Hamlet.

Charles Graves

At Deauville

Englishmen's Morning Bathe

Mr. Charles Hillard and Lord Bective in a couple of gentlemanly dressing-gowns were on their way to the Deauville sea

New High Hat

Mme. Lucien Robert wore the first of the very high hats that the autumn is bringing with it. This attractive Frenchwoman is the wife of Baron Edmond de Rothschild's trainer

English Attraction

Mrs. Euan Wallace, whose husband has been shooting in Scotland, was talking to Mrs. Gerald Wellesley on the racecourse before the Prix Morny; it is the biggest race of the Deauville season except the Grand Prix

Argentine Young-Marrieds

Left: Señor and Señora Garcia-Calvo have been at Deauville for the racing, as he manages Señor Alazaga Unzue's famous stable

Daughter and Mother

Lady Louis Mountbatten and her tall thirteen-year-old daughter Patricia were on their way to the beach

Seeing Deauville for the First Time

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Liddell and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Bowater were making their first visit to Deauville. Eric Bowater, as head of a big group of paper-makers, has been much in the news lately over the question of increased newsprint prices

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

TRIPPING into Grosvenor House the other day to hear a quartet of leading West End actresses discuss "My Ideal Man" at one of Miss Christina Foyle's Literary Luncheons, the first chaps with whom we exchanged a brief apprehensive handclasp turned out to be George Robey and the Editor of the *Church Times*—a reassuring encounter, showing that everything was going to be all right with both worlds. Another bit of comfort was the presence of beautiful, courageous Margaret Rawlings, who rose at a recent Foyle luncheon, as you remember, and petrified Dr. Buchman's boys in the very middle of an orgy (with hymns) by saying all their exhibitionism made her quite sick. (Their Grand Lama's frozen expression on this occasion—like four ducks on a pond in Allingham's poem—is something to remember for years, to remember with tears.) So, everything considered, we thought we could look forward to an hour of endearing, girlish prattle tempered by reason and propriety, Mr. Robey himself being in the chair.

And indeed, had the cognoscenti on the speech-list (Cathleen Nesbitt, Marie Burke, Edith Day, Jeanne de Casalis) only been cut by Mr. Robey to five minutes each, thus enabling some of the cognoscenti at the top table (Marie Tempest, Sybil Thorndike, Violet Vanbrugh, Margaret Rawlings, Joyce Barbour, Frances Day, Flora Robson and others) to contribute their little piece as well, if they so desired, for better or worse, one might have got a closer dog's-eye view and conspectus of what seems to be a hopeless quest, in which the poor brave girls who spoke are still engaged, after countless setbacks. As it was, this tremendous subject was merely flicked, so to speak, with a lace handkerchief, and it was obvious that the girls who spoke were suppressing a great deal of bitter despair. It would have done them (and us) a world of good if they 'd got it, so to speak, off their—if one may be permitted the word—chests, giving us the names and addresses of men who had destroyed their lives and trampled on their ideals from time to time, and enabling us to hiss each in turn. Perhaps they refrained for fear of wounding Mr. Robey—a candid, unspoiled nature, often confused by passers-by with a posy of simple wildflowers.

Taxi

THE Prefect of the Seine's decree increasing Paris taxi fares by 20 per cent. may to some extent induce the average Paris taxi-driver to take a more lenient view of the human race, which he regards with little favour. His predecessor, the Paris cabby, was the same. Georges Courteline and Whistler classed him among Life's more odious plagues. Arnold Bennett noted how, on a pouring wet night he would take delight in driving his empty cab slowly past hordes of frantic citizens, deaf to all entreaties and grinning in pure malice. The contrast between him and the London cabby, traditionally a genial creature, was extreme, aged men say. The London taxi-driver is also a sweet-natured tease compared with the Parisian, who, one must remember, had to put up with competition in the early post-war years from Russian "aristos" who themselves, poor devils, deserved all the sympathy they could get.

The Russians had their drawbacks—for one thing, their knowledge of Paris was nearly always a bit sketchy—but they had charm and good manners. The average present-day London taxi-driver's manners are cheerful and good, also, despite his worries—for example, that major worry of being liable to a fine for being forced to drive too slowly in the congestion of traffic, and no standard fine at that. H. V. Morton, who has studied the subject, tells us the London taxi-driver never curses his public, as his Paris opposite-number does. He simply divides us philosophically into good fares and bad (women and millionaires are bad), and makes no song about it.

"But, surely, you must believe I belong somewhere"

Last Ditch

HAVING steadily resisted up to now all attempts, fair or forcible, to make us read *Gone With the Wind* (we were about the last to stick out manfully against *Jew Süss* and we fought against *Anthony Adverse* so passionately, with such oaths and flexing of biceps, that people trying to force us to read it had to go about in pairs, like policemen in the East End), we are still interested in the most recent America jokes about this apparently massive and unending tome. The latest we 've heard are: (*a*) the one about the woman who curled up one night with *Gone With the Wind* and can't get straight again; and (*b*) the one about the honeymoon being over. Every novel which sells by the ton knocks America silly, and anything knocking America silly will send our own citizenry into a paranoiac frenzy six months later. On the other hand, very short and often good novels also sweep America at intervals—that recent interesting one, for example, about a chap drowning slowly in the Pacific. We read it in half an hour. No British publisher would look at any book of 200 pages. You couldn't sell him, for example, a work like *Candide*. He wouldn't look inside, he 'd just flutter the pages of the MS. and wag his big dull white face slowly to and fro and say: "What 's this? Call it a book? Eh? Call it a book? What? This, I mean. Eh?"

Our case against any novel over 6859 pages—we don't insist that we 're always

right—is that the author could obviously have done it much better in 250 by exercising simple self-control. Sadistic tendencies, egging-on by friends, a Freudian hatred of pure white cream-laid virgin paper, the desire to be "difficult"—these things have to be considered also.

Jelly Good

If Brillat-Savarin is correct with his crack about the discovery of a new dish being more important to mankind than the discovery of a new star, the French are right, again, to put up an obelisk at Velaines-en-Barrois, Meuse, this month, to the inventor of red-currant jelly. (They put one up a few years ago to a farmer's wife who first made Camembert.) Red-currant jelly, you may be surprised to hear, as we were, has a long history. Perrin Lamothe, cellarer to a Duke Robert, first strained off the juice of red currants and made a jelly in 1364. Hence the term "jelly-dogs" applied in contempt to harrier-packs by foxhunters, who deem the hare not worth hunting, though the fox makes them purple, with clots of tiny veins, furious, foulmouthed, nervous, and poorer by £500 a year. Nor can they eat their stinking fox when they've caught him, whereas the hare jugged with red-currant jelly is as pleasant to contemplate in death as his kind, anxious, National Liberal face was in life.

The fact that this jelly is linked by fate as indissolubly to hare as Marshall to Snelgrove, has led to experiments of a dubious and often revolting kind—blending gooseberry jam, for example, with roast duck, and suchlike Nordic brutalities. Note that such antisocial ideas radiate from one particular corner of Europe, from which practically every heresy in history has sprung.

That Sinking Feeling

Mr. Wilbur J. Ellerton, American geologist, is perturbed because England is steadily sinking into the sea, a process which has been going on for a long time. We sometimes wake and worry over it ourselves. Each time we approach Dover from Calais we remember that when Julius Cæsar's galleys hove-to under Dover Cliffs, his troops had to crane up at a neck-stiffening angle to see the hairy Britons peering at them from the clifftops, which were about eighty feet higher than they are now. That thought is much more disturbing to us than Mr. Ellerton's worry about the Bank of England having sunk seven inches in seventy years or St. Paul's tilting over sideways.

Mr. Ellerton realises that nothing whatsoever can be done about it. The Ordnance Survey people, whom he tackled on the question, gave him nightmares. Nobody but Mr. Ellerton and us seem to care a damn. What will happen is that in another thousand years the Island Race will be vaguely perturbed at suddenly finding itself able to step ashore from the boat on the cliffs at Dover, and stout ladies rubbernecking in the City will say: "Oh, look, the Bank's gone right down! Look, Aggie! Where's Uncle Jim? Look, Uncle! The Bank! Right down it is! Tell Auntie Rosie to look. Look, Auntie! The Bank—I said the Bank. Yes. Get off that there dome, Alfie!" (etc.). And a thousand years after that, no doubt, these islands will have disappeared under the sea entirely, taking with them thousands and thousands of solicitors and manufacturers of plumbers' supplies, greengrocers, M.P.'s and sahibs with pale boiled eyes, deans and rich women and moneylenders, vegetarians and dealers in bones and old iron, speculative builders with cunning eyes, and cricketers with great wooden jaws, and the fish will eat them all, and not a bad thing either, in many ways.

"I'm so worried—it's weeks now since he got back from Switzerland"

Antidote

It seems that when another imminent newsreel theatre has been built in Leicester Square, there'll be only fifteen in the London area in all. There seem to be many more, just as every other shop nowadays seems to be a milk-bar, but this is illusion. Anyhow, there's nothing to be said against multiplying newsreel theatres, which are a great refuge from and antidote to the films, even when the programme is drawn up with somebody with his head in a bag, like one we saw the other night containing two horse-races and two motor-races each exactly resembling the other.

Half-a-dozen years or so ago, London had only one newsreel theatre. Twenty-five years before that the newsreel, called the Bioscope, regularly ended the programme at the Empire and the Palace. One of the only two men in London who can tell you what the Bioscope was like is Herman Finck, being one of the only two men who ever stayed to watch it. We gather the Bioscope was very late, a bit jumpy, and slightly yellowish, like many of the Palace habitués of the period, and generally had something to do with the Derby.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

J. B. Priestley — To-morrow Night's Playwright

Priestley's first sign of activity since *Bees on the Boat-deck* is *Time and the Conways*, which opens at the Duchess Theatre to-morrow night. It has a time theme which shows us Might Have Been as well as Is in the Conway family; Jean Forbes-Robertson is the daughter who is the centre of the plot, Barbara Everest is the mother (as she was in *Pride and Prejudice*), and the rest of the cast is largely made up of repertory players. "It is brave and commendable of Mr. Priestley to give chances to so many comparatively untried people," says Irene Henschel, who is the producer. She also says: "This is one of the most difficult and enthralling pieces of work I have ever tackled." Priestley plans to present another play when he can find a theatre (title and motif kept secret), and goes to America for the winter, joining his wife and six children in Arizona after a short lecture tour

Sun-worshipping—the Riviera's Summer Pre-occupation

Even the Hardened Sunbather

A Place in

You Want It—the

If you are young enough you have the energy even for this sort of thing. Every Riviera beach has a corner where the children are kept, so to speak, quiet

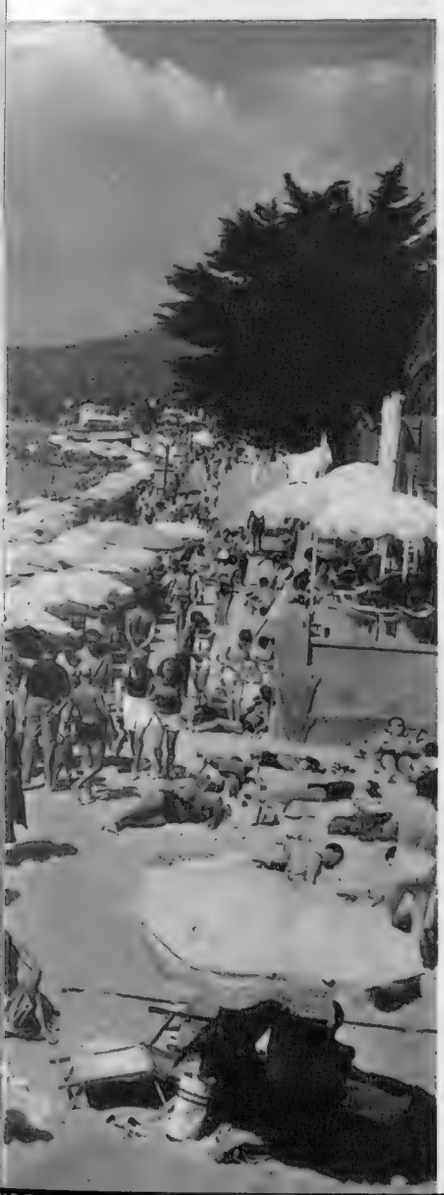
Sometimes Has to Take Precautions

the Sun

Riviera Has It

From Hot to Cold—an Ecstatic Change of Elements

Below : Amusement Park for the Athletic Amphibians



Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Dorothy Lane-Fox

Dorothy Lane-Fox, Lord and Lady Bingley's third daughter, is going to marry Kenneth Parkinson on October 2nd in Yorkshire, with the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating. It will be a big wedding, since the Lane-Fox family is an important one in Yorkshire, Lady Bingley is Lord Halifax's sister, and Mr. Parkinson himself lives up there. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Parkinson, of Creskeld Hall, Arthington. Lady Bingley will have a large party at Bramham Park for the wedding, and Miss Lane-Fox a large party of bridesmaids, including her younger sister, Margaret, and her niece, Anne Bridgeman, daughter of her second sister, Viscountess Bridgeman. Lord Bingley was Member for Barkston Ash, his home constituency, for twenty-five years. He is Master of the Bramham Moor, with which both his unmarried daughters hunt

"Some of the women had gone away with the soldiers . . . some had stayed amid the broken walls"

"Bystander" Short Story No. 101

The Scream

By Celia Dale

Illustrated by Donia Nachshen

FATHER ERNESTO awoke screaming. It did not matter, for the brown fields about him were empty; there was no one to laugh at so shrill and strange a sound coming from so big a man.

But the knowledge that in his sleep he screamed now—screamed as he had never screamed in his waking, not even to drown the screams of those others—was an added fear to Father Ernesto. For no matter how well he might hide himself, nor how desolate a place he might choose, a scream might draw a passing peasant, even a dog. And Father Ernesto was not going to be caught cowering in a ditch. He was not going to be caught at all.

He travelled during the day. It was safer, for at night all travellers were suspect, and to be suspect was to be dead. If he met a company of men, he put up his hands and waited for them to pass him. Sometimes they wanted to shoot him, but on the whole it was safest. A running man is an irresistible target.

Father Ernesto had never looked much like a priest, and now, dressed in the faded blue smock of a peasant, with stubble on his heavy chin and a beret on his head, no one suspected him. He was a tall man, with wide shoulders and a stubborn neck. On him his cassock had never looked like the skirts of a woman, but like the robes of some roaring mediæval baron. He had strode about the cobbled streets of his village, and the men had respected him, the women admired him, because he was man as well as priest.

There was not very much left of the village now, nor a great many of its men. Some had been killed in the bombardment, some had been shot afterwards, some had joined the soldiers and gone away with rifles on their shoulders. Some of the women had gone with them, with draggled hair and furious, lusting eyes. The rest had stayed amid the broken walls, cooking, washing, suckling their children, fearful for death while they went about the work of living.

It was not they who had screamed, nor was it the memory of them that dragged an echo from his sleeping lips. It was the echo of a screaming mule broken in the bloody street; of the screaming nun who had gone mad; of the screaming shells that had blasphemed and torn open his church; of the screaming dead who would not die—dead men of his cloth.

At the thought of them his stride lengthened over the dusty earth, his great hands, which had ever been clumsy in the telling of his beads, clenched. On, on, over the grey and dun plains where the poplars shivered in the hot wind, over the low green rivers gnawing their course between banks of brown clay, through the stony hills whose crests glittered against the violence of blue sky—he, who had been a priest, the chosen of God, the father of souls, the champion of Christ, must run and skulk and cower and trudge from the men who had driven him from his calling.

Father Ernesto trudged in a blind, numb fury, his bull face staining in the

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Left: the Italian Pavilion under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, with Switzerland and Belgium to the right

Impressions of the Paris Exhibition by Clark Fay

Anyone who has been to the Paris Exhibition since last week will have been able to see the new fashion display in the British Pavilion. Those funny fashion figures which people criticised and mocked have been whipped away like out-of-date celebrities from a waxworks, and the dresses and suits are now less pompously set out. There are a certain number of new clothes and a lot more of those tweeds and textiles on which we have a right to pride ourselves. Taken all round, the Exhibition is the best holiday show on offer, for two days or two weeks, for the frivolous who like fireworks and good food, or the serious who like superb art exhibitions and the latest thing in design and architecture

Left: Africans living their own kind of Parisian life in their native village

On the left, Great Britain, on the right, Russia; in fact, they face each other across the Seine

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

AUGUST 1ST Up early, and away in Mr. Fisher's motor carriage, with my wife, Mr. Fisher, his wife and their child Shirley, to our water party up the river. An ill journey, Mr. Fisher's carriage making much noise with little speed and not being intended by its makers for five persons and a mettlesome dog. Arrived at Marlow, we chartered a punt, Mr. Fisher guiding it (none too well) until we were come into a narrow backwater with a neighbouring inn. From which inn we fetched good store of Schweppes' Sparkling Grape Fruit and Sparkling Lime, proper drinks for sun-dry throats. So, upon a smooth green bank facing a great tree, we took our luncheon. And, wearied by the chatter of the child and the clamour of the dog, we were mightily thankful for the gentle solace of those cool drinks for which the House of Schweppes is justly famous.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Films of the Day

Weyman Devitalised : By George Campbell

WE were all romantics in my young days. Some of us still rejoiced in *The Three Midshipmen* and *In the Eastern Seas* and *Coral Island*. We all read Seton Merriman and Mary Johnston and Winston Churchill. (Do youngsters nowadays know *Richard Carvel* and *The Crossing*? If they don't they 're missing a lot of fun.) But my particular favourite was Stanley Weyman. I am still prepared to maintain that *A Gentleman of France*, *The Wild Geese* and *Under the Red Robe* are amongst the best historical thrillers ever written.

Or I would be, if I hadn't just seen the screen version of *Under the Red Robe*. The film has shaken me. Was Weyman's plot really so ingenuous, were his characters *quite* so wooden? No, no, I refuse to believe it. Cloak-and-sword stuff it may have been, none too rich in psychological subtleties, far too pure to satisfy a generation that, even in historical stuff, likes a glimpse of a pretty leg beneath the hoops and ruffles; but at least Weyman could tell a story. From the opening insult flung by the young Englishman in the face of Gil de Berault, the gambler and duellist, known for his deadliness as "the Black Death," to the last scene in Richelieu's reception room, Weyman kept the plot moving with unflagging energy and resource. The fact that the play staged at the Haymarket forty years ago ran 256 nights would also seem to indicate that the thing possessed vitality, of a kind.

VITALITY is precisely what the film lacks. You can't exactly say why. If you happen to be anæmic or your bones are brittle, analysis will show just which chemicals you are short of. Do your roses refuse to grow? Then the chemist can tell you why. But the screen is different—a fact that bankers' deputies and efficiency experts are only just beginning to grasp. No analysis can explain scientifically why one picture excites the public and another doesn't. The best producers don't even waste time trying. They get on with the job of trying to turn out more successes.

Speaking unscientifically, then, and simply expressing prejudice, which is all any critic can do, I think *Under the Red Robe* is bad because nobody seems to have believed in it. Victor Seastrom may have been a distinguished director of silent pictures, but he hasn't much skill in the use of dialogue, and the players are not only unsuitable, in some cases, but so oddly matched, linguistically, that there are moments when you think you 're at Geneva. Raymond Massey, sad of eye and Canadian of voice, is cast again as a Frenchman; Conrad Veidt brings his powerful personality and German accent to the rôle of the duellist; his man, Romney Brent, takes us back across the Atlantic; the Captain and Sophie Stewart are English, and the net result is that they 're all out of step but Annabella. Perhaps this is why she alone plays her part with conviction. Mr. Veidt looks distinguished but rather tired; Mr. Brent's brisk American manner and brisker idioms ("You 'd be surprised!") lighten the thing a bit but hardly make for realism, and I just couldn't believe in Mr. Massey's Richelieu at all.

"His Affair"

This film (at the Gaumont) doesn't go far back into history, stays in America, and is a success. Robert Taylor shows he is a good actor as well as a good looker in the part of a young naval "lootenant" who takes to crime at President McKinley's request

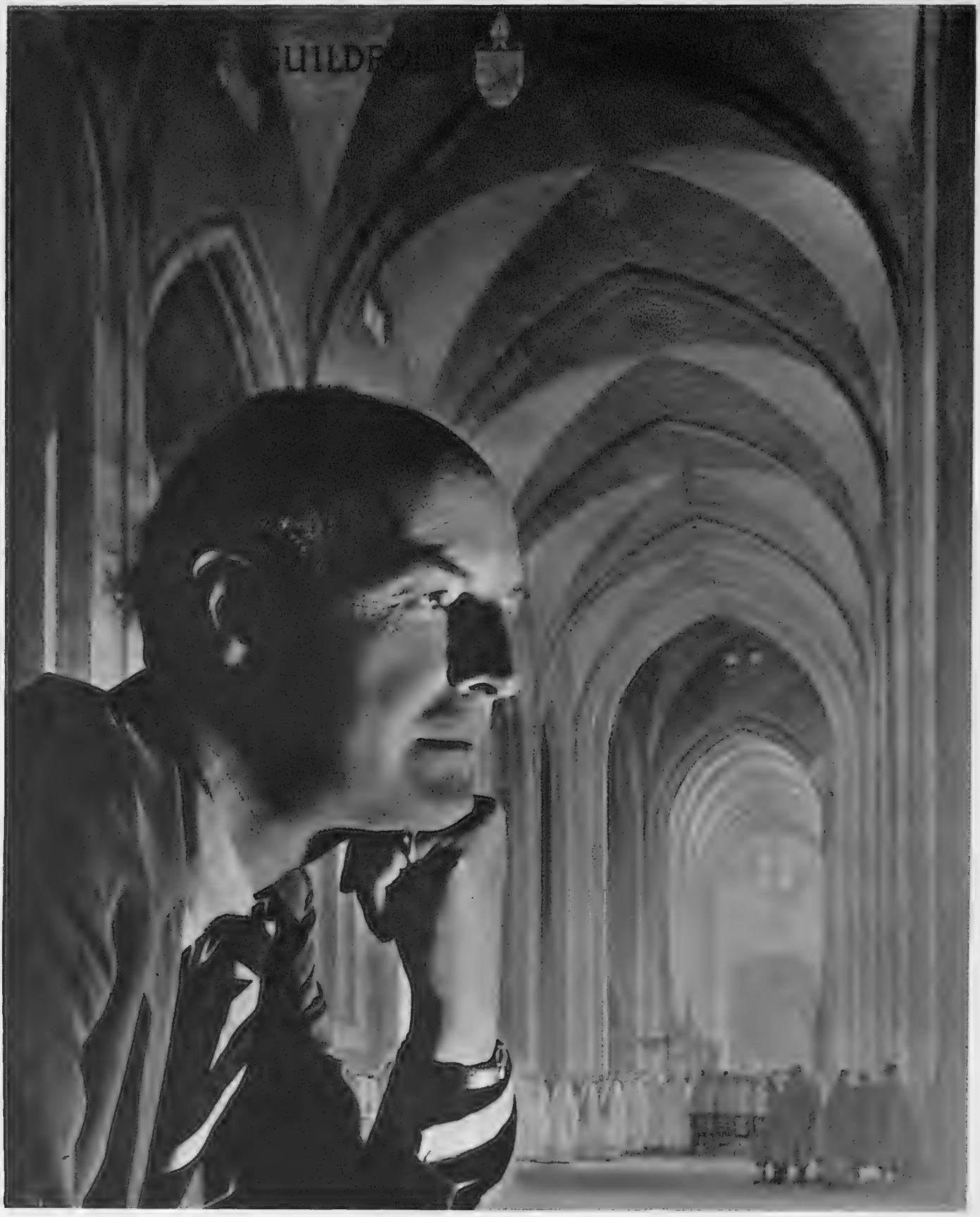
"HIS AFFAIR" is a period piece, too, for the millions of young fans who regard anything pre-war as prehistoric. The year is 1901, the place is the White House at Washington. McKinley is worried about an epidemic of bank robberies, suspects that some high civil servant is giving away information to the robbers. Amongst his guests is a young naval officer (Robert Taylor), whose knack of getting into and out of scrapes seems to suggest ingenuity. The President makes him a modest proposal. He is to desert from the Navy, take to crime, get in with the gang and find out who is the traitor. When he has found out he may write to the President. Until then he is on his own.

"Under the Red Robe": Brent and Massey

This film (at the New Gallery) goes quite a way back into history, is set in France, and is not a success. Director Seastrom evidently didn't believe in Stanley Weyman's novel, nor did British Raymond Massey in his part of Richelieu, American Romney Brent in his part of a French valet, or German Conrad Veidt in his part of Gil de Bérault. Annabella, being French, fits much better as Lady Marguerite

THE story begins well and grows better and better. Hollywood directors are at their best in an atmosphere of cabarets and beer halls, crooks and hangers-on, and credibility is built up by touch after brilliant touch. Note, for instance, the characteristic care lavished by Twentieth Century-Fox and William Seiter, the director, on the small parts, and the skill with which Paul Hurst manages to make the skittle-player stand out as a gem of observation and superb miming. A plot shrewdly blended of melodrama and humour reaches an effective, original climax when McKinley is assassinated and the one witness to the hero's innocence has gone.

ROBERT TAYLOR, once in danger of being regarded as a matinee idol, pure and simple, is becoming quite an actor—better, anyway, than his chief rival, Clark Gable. Barbara Stanwyck's range of expression is still limited to a smile indicative of happiness and a braver smile indicative of despair, but for this rôle that is enough. Victor McLaglen is amusing as a dumb crook with a passion for practical jokes; Frank Conroy makes a convincing McKinley, and Sidney Blackner is adequately toothy and effervescent as Theodore Roosevelt. Altogether as efficient a thriller as 1937 is likely to bring us.



Anthony

An Architect Reflects on His Cathedral

Some time next year Edward Maufe will be able to see the greatest work of his career rising above ground-level. Guildford Cathedral, for which his design was chosen in open competition, consists now of foundations only, including 778 reinforced concrete piles; the first rose-coloured bricks of the east end should be laid in six months' time. But whether the architect will ever see his whole design realised is a financial problem; so far, less than a third of the total sum required has been subscribed. This Yorkshireman has recently been chosen to carry out the great new building scheme at St. John's College, Cambridge. He is already responsible for additions to St. John's College, Oxford (his own), and Trinity College, Cambridge. He designed the B.B.C. Chapel and the London Hospital Students' Hostel, among many other buildings, and some of the best modern country houses and gardens in England are his work

Baron

A Portrait-Painter and His Portrait are Reflected

Leo Whelan is an artist better known the other side of the Irish Channel than here; in Ireland he is considered one of the most eminent portrait-painters of the day. He is a Dubliner by birth, training, and residence; was born there in 1892, studied under Sir William Orpen at the Metropolitan School of Art, when he was twenty-four won the Taylor Art Scholarship of the Royal Dublin Society. He was made A.R.H.A. in 1920, and R.H.A. three years later. This mirror photograph of him was taken in his studio in Lower Baggot Street; the portrait on the easel is of Malcolm MacDonald, which he had just completed. The Hon. Ernest Guinness, the late Lord Glenavy, Sir Thomas O'Shaughnessy, Dublin's last Recorder and Cardinal Lauri have been among his sitters. The simplicity of his studio is a key to his tastes and way of life; his stern expression is no indication of his tremendous sense of humour

August in the Army

Regulars and Terriers Campaigned in the Silly Season Countryside

" Nous y sommes, nous y restons " is the momentary motto of two members of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry (T.A.) band after a route march. They were in camp at Porthcawl, South Wales

Not strewing a floral welcome for the C.O., nor yet collecting herbs for the officers' mess kitchen, but laying a " barbed wire entanglement " is this damp soldier ; he was part of the East Anglia manœuvres of the First and Second Divisions, Aldershot Command

Left : stripped to the waist but protected from falling missiles, this warm sapper is bringing home a notice which hung we don't know where—perhaps on the highway, perhaps in the local girls' school. He seems, too, to be paying due attention to the Drive Slowly injunction, which bears the name of his battalion. The 35th were in camp at Harlow, Essex

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Problems—Political and Personal: By Alan Thomas

At the beginning of June, I called attention to André Gide's book, *Back from the U.S.S.R.*, in which he criticised the Soviet régime. If only for the sake of fairness, I now recommend Lion Feuchtwanger's *Moscow* 1937, translated by Irene Josephy (Gollancz; 2*s.* 6*d.*). Like Gide, Feuchtwanger experienced many petty annoyances during his ten weeks' visit to Russia; but instead of allowing them to warp one's judgment, he claims rather that they should be viewed against a background of great and solid achievement. "For the moment the average citizen in countries outside the Soviet Union lives more comfortably than his counterpart within it. But his comfort is built on sand." Whereas the average citizen of the Union lives "more contentedly, in deeper harmony with his lot, and more happily." Herr Feuchtwanger's chief complaint is directed against the standardised and officially fostered optimism which, he says, is doing incalculable harm to literature and the theatre. But whereas Gide himself sees little difference over the suppression of free thought between Stalin's Russia and Hitler's Germany, Feuchtwanger says that the difference is vital: namely that "the Soviet Union forbids agitation in support of the principle that twice two is five, whilst the Fascist dictatorships forbid active pursuit of the principle that twice two is four." To the trials of the Trotskyites the author devotes a good many pages of explanation; he is convinced that the prisoners were guilty; but he can find no completely satisfactory explanation of their behaviour before the court.

It is not my job here to express a personal opinion on one side or the other. But I do suggest that those who are trying to make up their minds on this question, and especially those who have read Gide's book, should give the author of *Jew Süss* a hearing. He comes down on the side of the U.S.S.R. But his book is not a panegyric: and in places it is frankly critical. What, above all, will appeal to the English reader is the sincerity and moderation with which he states his case.

I confess to having felt rather bewildered by the first fifty pages or so of Mr. Edward Anderson's *Thieves Like Us* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Not only was the language of American gangsterdom highly unfamiliar, but the sequence of events seemed a little difficult to follow. Gradually, however, the path became clearer and the last half of the book more than compensated for the uphill start. In this novel we are well outside the law: the police are our enemies. When we want money from the bank we draw it out—but not by cheque; and to the nigger who thinks of getting in our way we say: "Don't bother yourself, Shine. You're liable to wake up with somebody patting you in the face with a spade if you do." Through Oklahama and Texas the three musketeers—T-Dub, Chicaman and Bowie—rob and shoot their way, till Bowie pulls out of the racket and goes off to live quietly with his girl, Keechie, known affectionately as the Little Soldier. Yet so long as his friends are in trouble, Bowie cannot rest. He is torn between loyalty to them and love for Keechie. The tale (when you get into it) is told with simplicity and directness. Bowie in his way is a big-hearted chap, who never robbed anyone who couldn't stand the loss. Yet he is no glorified criminal. "I'm not proud," he says, "of nothing I ever done." And one believes him—as one believes a child.

"The Anointed," by Clyde Brion Davis (Arthur Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is also an American book, but one that falls into no very obvious category. The publishers, who ought to know, call it a novel. In essence it is a personal statement, laced together with the story of his travels and adventures, of a young American hick, Harry Patterson, who ran away to sea at fourteen in order to find an answer to his own question: "Wat's the Big Idea of Everything?" One eminent American critic sees the book as "a sad and wise invitation to reflect on humanity and its destiny." Personally I found nothing so portentous in Harry's naïve and embryonic philosophising. Through every variety of experience and hardship he is sustained by an unassailable belief that he is a chosen vehicle of God, though his particular mission remains throughout rather nebulous. He ends his odyssey in San Francisco as a grocery clerk taking lessons in grammar from a girl at the local lending library. But the undoubted fascination of the book lies in Harry's narrative style. Mr. Davis endows him with a pen that writes laconic, colloquial American which, in spite of its apparent artlessness and disarming solemnity, very adroitly displays an unusual character. *The Anointed* is Mr. Davis's first book. It is a considerable achievement.

General F. P. Crozier is a fighting man. "I killed a good many men," he says in his new book, *The Men I Killed* (Michael Joseph; 8*s.* 6*d.*), "in the war that was to end all wars, personally and by means fair or foul, in the mistaken idea that I was doing something in the defence of my mother, my wife, my child and my friends. I am now convinced that it is the duty of everyone of us to kill the hypocrisy and humbug that are marching us relentlessly to the precipice of destruction." And so, with a bellicosity worthy of the front-line fighter, he expounds the doctrines of his own particular brand of pacifism. There is nothing very new in the plan he proposes (an implementation and extension of the Kellog Pact), but one could wish that he had devoted rather more space to the discussion of it than to slashing attacks on the heads of the Church and objurgations on those in authority generally. It is impossible, however, not to admire the General's sincerity; and when he says that "there is no doubt about what Christianity really is," it is impossible also not to envy him his knowledge.

Brig.-Gen. F. P. Crozier

When General Crozier says something about war he has every right to a respectful audience: he served in South Africa, Ashanti, Nigeria and Zululand, gaining medals in each, and in the Great War, during which he was seven times mentioned in despatches, got a C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. and Croix de Guerre with palm. His latest dicta are published in "The Men I Killed," which is aimed at "the hypocrisy and humbug that are marching us to the precipice of destruction" and is reviewed here

Volume I. of the National *Road Book* appeared just over a year ago. Volume II. is now out (Published by Methuen at 10*s.* 6*d.*). It covers East Anglia and the East Midlands, and is full of detailed information, ancient and modern, likely to be of interest to the motorist en route.

The book is easily handled: it contains a folding map, forty-eight illustrations, and particulars of 284 routes: and its Index of persons referred to begins with Aaron, the Jew (not *the* Aaron, but a moneylender of Henry II.'s day), and ends with Milton's tutor, Dr. Thomas Young. A traveller's encyclopædia, in fact.

The Theatre

Professional Out-of-work: Arthur Sinclair

Sketches of "Juno and the Paycock" by Rouson

Joxer (Tony Quinn) and Maisie Madigan (Maire O'Neill)

Juno (Sara Allgood) and Mary, with a past, in front of her (Vera Cook)

"Juno and the Paycock" (Haymarket)

THERE was a time when the Irish players knew better than any other set of actors on the English stage how to let well alone. On this quality every friendly critic fastened gratefully. "None of them rants or flares, trumpets or booms, or frisks about when he had better be quiet, or puts on intense looks for nothing"—and such was the effect of this restraint, whether shown in tragedy or comedy, that much of the acting of the day began guiltily to examine itself for signs of fussiness. But now it would seem that the preceptors have somehow managed to forget their own precepts and that the masters might profit by a lesson from their former pupils. For in *Juno and the Paycock* at the Haymarket Theatre Arthur Sinclair consistently refuses to let well alone. He trumpets and booms over the comic points of the Paycock, that gorgeously bemused "captain" of the bar round the corner, dwelling on each joke so long that he becomes like a conjurer deliberately exposing tricks which he once passed off as magic. Mrs. Madigan, the back-parlour neighbour who used in the hands of Maire O'Neill to be a lively Hogarthian figure, is now little more than a piece of stage business in the performance of which the actress may be not unjustly accused of "frisking about when she had better be quiet." Only Sara Allgood keeps her style uncoarsened. Her acting has all its old bite and guile. And Juno, though isolated at important moments by the overacting, remains the game old woman of the slums, whose sharp-witted rallies with the eloquent fecklessness of an incorrigible shyster are as amusing as ever, and whose deep pain when her home is sold up, her daughter betrayed and her son murdered comes across the footlights with an overwhelming poignancy and a completeness which seems to owe nothing to tricks.

THE chief effect of the overacting is to separate what is comic from what is tragic, and to make us feel that the comic stuff is wearing badly. But if the piece were allowed to speak for itself in the old way, it would still, I think, appear as a deeply moving and brilliantly entertaining copy of tragi-comic realities. The Paycock, like his "darrlin'" drinking crony, "Joxer," is as true to Dublin life as was Falstaff to Elizabethan Eastcheap; his folly is an integral part of the tragedy; and to treat him as a stage decoration, whose every antic needs the emphasis of the music hall is to do violence to a masterpiece. Incidentally, it is to cloud our precious memory of Arthur Sinclair's magnificently comic acting when the part was new to him.

"The First Legion" (Daly's)

EMMET LAVERY, in *The First Legion*, makes good emotional drama out of a conflict between faith and reason. A crippled Jesuit priest is cured after what he claims to have been a vision of the founder of the House, and another Jesuit, Father Ahearn, is appointed to prepare and plead the case in Rome for the founder's canonization. The priest receives from the doctor a confession that Father Sierra was asleep and in a state of delirium at the time of his vision. The lips of the confessor are sealed and rather than accept a miracle that he now believes to be spurious, he renounces the Society of Jesus, but is brought back to faith by witnessing the cure of a boy who, according to medical opinion, is incurable. The weakness of the play's argument is that it makes no very clear distinction between the recovery which Father Ahearn declined to accept as miraculous and the recovery which restores his belief in miracles. The nature of the cure depends in both cases upon the opinion of the doctor, who may, in both cases or in either case, be wrong; but the progress of the unhappy priest from faith to doubt and back again makes a good story, and it is ably acted, by C. V. France as the worthy Father Rector, Colin Keith-Johnston as the gravely perturbed Father Ahearn, and Franklin Dyall as the doctor.

A. V. C.

Alastair Sim as Peter Bogle (on left)

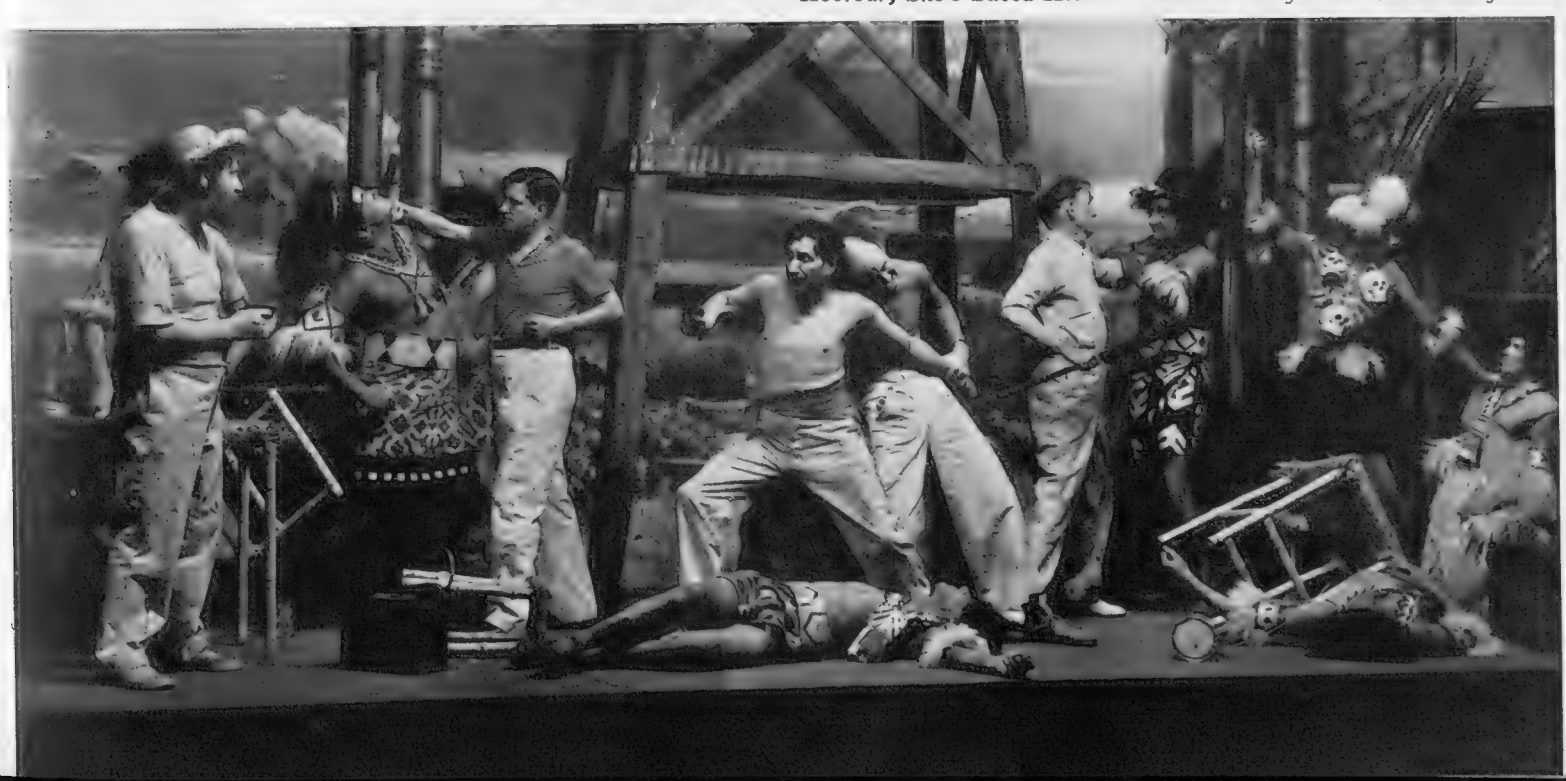
Photographs by John Everard

Host to the Party: Russell Durran

Hooroar, She's Saved Him: Christine Barry and Jack Livesey

"The Gusher" at Prince's

You want a fairly big throat to be able to swallow *The Gusher* whole, but if you can take it that way you will enjoy it. Firth Shephard declares that it is a successor to *The Frog*: Ian Hay, who adapted that from Edgar Wallace, has written this on his own bat, and the same principles have been followed—giant cast, mammoth production, overwhelming effects and numerous scene changes. The gusher itself is an oil well; Jack Livesey, Christine Barry and Alastair Sim head the heroic party in its search, Ivan Samson heads the villainous counterpart, and the whole lot is mixed up with convicts, medicine men and head-hunters to give you a stageful at Prince's



Golf Clubs at Home: Thorpe Hall

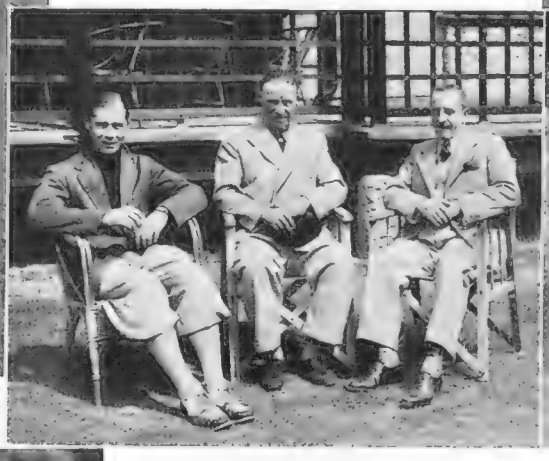
This club is the nearest seaside holiday course to London. It lies midway between Southend-on-Sea and Shoeburyness, and its gate can be reached by tram from the former. It boasts a fine Elizabethan club-house and a course which is of the best park type. Green springy turf throughout the year, bracing and picturesque hazards are its advantages. During the last months the course has been extended and the last three holes altered

A. J. Pryor (captain)

A. W. Hoale, H. A. Callard (secretary), J. E. Martin and Mathew Watts

Right: H. Yorke-Starkey, Walter Jones, H. G. Patrick and Hugh Chapman (committee members)

D. S. Spivey (ex-captain)



A. G. Hoale, G. Murray and G. Jennings

J. Dobson, K. Hawes, H. Collett and J. Ferries

H. G. Button (assistant) and C. S. Denny (professional)

A. Temple (committee)

C. M. Bell

E. W. Twigg (committee)

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important
call . . .

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can
be . . .

and
how
it helps you
tremendously
to keep
that
essential
grip on yourself ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

"The Happy Fisherman"

That is the title of one of Mr. Walter Gallichan's fifty-two publications. The well-known reformer and journalist, now a recipient of a civil list pension, was photographed on holiday at Lyn Glyn

Waiting for the rain to go away at the Oval, and whiling away time with cards were Hutton, Hardstaff, Washbrook, Gover and Denis Compton; the last had just been released by Arsenal for the rest of the cricket season. The final Test fizzled out in a draw, despite Robins' lunch-time declaration

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

OUR season of summer sport is slipping from us. Already the voice of the soccer fan is heard in the land, and the wiseacres are wondering whether Manchester City can hold the First Division Championship.

This talk of football in August is uncongenial, an intrusion upon our enjoyment of less spectacular games. It is, however, a sudden reminder of winter, and we shall have enough of that before very long. Indeed, we are having a preliminary taste of it as I write, for torrential rain, not content with dislocating the railway time-table, washed away the first day of the final Test match.

Very miserably we sat at the Oval beneath the seeping clouds, reflecting that New Zealand were being most unkindly deprived of gate-money which they sorely needed. Even so, some six thousand optimists turned up, and the patient good humour of an English crowd is something to marvel at. It seemed to me, moreover, that cricket can hardly be moribund when so many spectators appear on such a day.

IN point of fact this has been a grand cricketing summer. We have had many glorious matches in the county championships, with that rare tussle between Middlesex and Surrey at the Oval as a perfect example. This match deserves special consideration. It was constantly interesting and exciting, because the wicket held the balance even between batsman and bowler. It reminded us, and I hope it reminded the eminent gentlemen who are considering ways of making cricket more attractive to the public, that over-preparation of wickets has been the major cause of most of the dull games in recent years.

It may be argued that if wickets are not doped county matches will often be finished in two days, but what does that matter? Far more people will come to see an exciting match in two days than a dreary drawn travesty of cricket which spreads over three days. The obvious deduction is as plain as a pike-staff. Groundsmen must be brought to heel. Bowlers must be given a chance. Batsmen must be shaken out of their complacent security. Then we shall find that the cricket public is as large as ever it was.

TALKING of the length of cricket matches, it is surely a pity that the Board of Control have decided that next year's Test matches against Australia should be limited to four days, though the Australians are willing to play five days. Not that I wish to prolong the agony unduly, and the thought of enduring five five-day Test matches is more than a little daunting. The point is, however, that in four days the hours of play after the first day—11 to 6.30—are too much of a strain on the players.

In five days the hours of play would be cut down, the players—and particularly the bowlers—would be fresher, the cricket would be better, and the prospect of a finish more certain. Possibly the Board of Control will reconsider the matter in the autumn. I will add that Test matches would be altogether more tolerable and interesting if they were played on natural wickets. What we had to endure in 1930, to be sure—the miserably protracted wars of attrition on shirt-fronted monstrosities!

IT is sad to think, by the way, that George Duckworth, most voluble and cheerful of wicket-keepers, is retiring at the end of this season, though he is only 36 years of age.

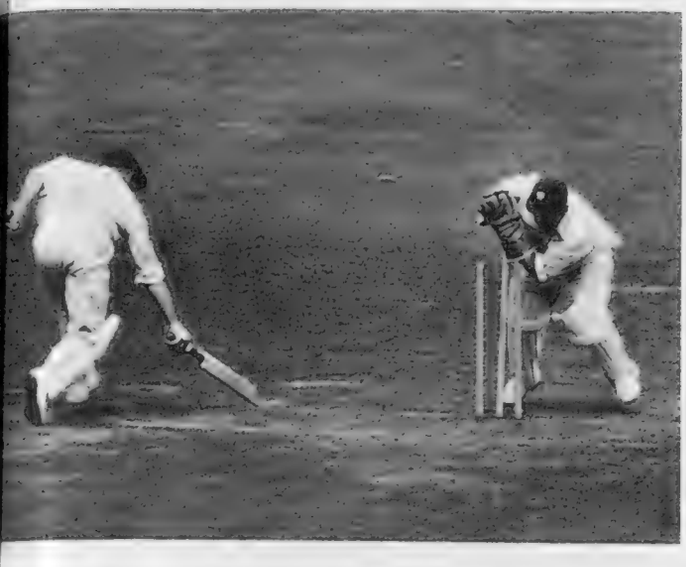
He is leaving cricket, they tell me, to become a journalist. Well, he knows best, but we shall miss his jaunty little figure and his brilliant stumping. Duckworth was a rare character.

Other famous games players are putting themselves upon the shelf. Alex James has gone, a tragedy which must worry Mr. George Allison and the Arsenal supporters considerably. H. G. Owen-Smith refuses to play representative Rugby football again, so that England will have to search for a new full-back and a new captain. There never was a greater all-round athlete than Owen-Smith, or, for that matter, a more modest one. And modesty in these days is a quality of some importance.

IT is a quality which does not seem to attract Tommy Farr, who will be doing battle with Joe Louis almost as these words greet your eyes. You may have spent the night with your ears glued to a wireless set, trying to disentangle

Wightman Cup Players Took Tea

Kay Stammers and Freda James were photographed at breakfast at Forest Hills, N.Y., where the Wightman Cup matches were played last week-end. After their Davis Cup victory, the U.S. had justifiably hoped for the double, which has eluded them for some years



Middlesex were behind Yorkshire in the neck and neck fight for the county championship before their victory over Somerset last week; this picture is from that match at Lord's—Luckes breaking the wicket just after Hart gets home.

The Relay Team That Won the Match for England

After a damp afternoon's athletics at the White City Stadium—from which various items such as hammer, discus and javelin were absent—Great Britain and Germany stood level with only the medley relay still to run. Our win in that event gave us a 69-67 match victory; Pennington, Roberts, Brown and Sweeney were the team and Godfrey Brown, who ran the last leg (a half-mile), has now run the final and winning race in four matches

the American broadcast from the inevitable screechings and wailings of atmospherics. You may have heard that Tommy Farr has won, though I take leave to doubt it.

You may have heard also a brilliant commentary on the fight, for Americans tell me that their boxing commentators leave us a long way behind. They give you every blow, but that does not mean that they give you a picture of the fight. And I fancy that in Great Britain we should prefer a picture to a catalogue of punches. We want to see the fight through the commentator's eyes, rather than listen to a string of pugilistic statistics. Which would you rather hear—something like this: "Farr comes in weaving and swaying—looking pretty grim—his chin tucked away behind that left shoulder—out goes his left like a piston—but Louis is quick—an ebony streak—his right comes across like a trip hammer—gosh, what a wallop that was!" Or this: "Farr comes in"—pause—"left lead by Farr"—pause—"right hook by Louis"—pause—and so on? I would be interested to know—blow by blow, or picture by picture?

It would be pleasant to think that Farr will win, despite his alleged boasting. I say alleged, because I am sure Farr has been misrepresented by journalists in search of copy. He may be confident, and why not? But I cannot believe that he is as arrogantly boastful as the American newspapers suggest. If success has gone to his head, perhaps one of those short punches from the Brown Bomber might teach him a salutary lesson.

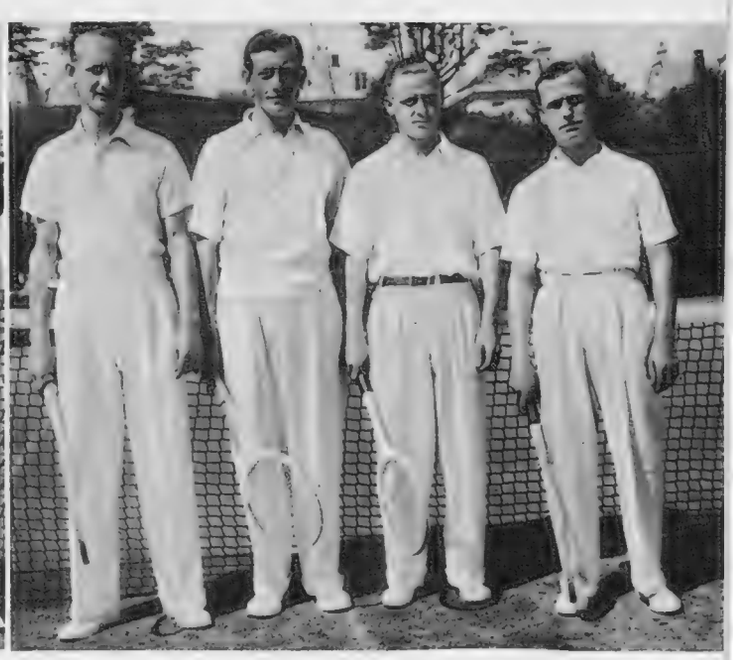
I AM glad to see that Sir Samuel Hoare, as President of the Lawn Tennis Association, has stated that the L.T.A. definitely intend to pursue the Davis and Wightman Cups vigorously.

Sir Samuel says that the Association will shortly discuss future policy with active players, and we must hope that some constructive and clear-cut plan of campaign will be evolved. We have the young players right enough. It may be a year or two before they are ready to carry us to the top again, but with proper encouragement and opportunities they are capable of pulling us through in due course. It is just a matter of intelligent preparation, a precaution which we have lamentably neglected in the past.

OUR athletes seem to be taking themselves in hand far more efficiently, and the first victory of Great Britain over Germany last week, is surely a good omen and a very appropriate conclusion to a most encouraging athletic season.

The Cromer Tournament

Sir Samuel and Lady Maud Hoare have moved into their new house at North Repps, near Cromer, and the Home Secretary entered Cromer's lawn tennis tournament with the Civil Service champion, James Reddall. The pair reached the semi-finals



The Professional Championships

These were the finalists in the professional lawn tennis championships at Eastbourne. Tom Jeffery (Melbury), who won for the first time; Daniel Maskell, who lost his nine years' title after four close sets in the final; F. H. Poulson (Queen's) and J. Pearce (Queen's), who came third and fourth

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Alterations at Rye

I WAS at Rye about a fortnight ago, where I met Sir Guy Campbell, who has been called in by the Rye G.C. to suggest alterations for the improvement of the course.

Sir Guy explained to me his recommendations and pointed them out to me on the course. It is clear that improvements to the present course will be difficult unless additional land is brought into play. Sir Guy, by designing two holes on new land beyond the new fourteenth hole, has brought into play sufficient extra land, in the vicinity of the end station of the light railway, to ease congestion and to improve the course very considerably.

THE present first tee will be used, according to Sir Guy in his own words, "for Putters and such like things"; for ordinary play a new tee will be constructed about fifty yards in front of the existing tee. From the present tee the Cyrils and Rogers can carry the sand dunes on the direct line to the hole without any great difficulty, but the Toms, Dicks and Harrys have, to bring off the carry, to hit their best shot and, as the first shot is not likely to be the best shot, many of them very wisely prefer to take a spoon or iron and play safe to the left.

There is no reason whatsoever why players should not occasionally, if they wish to avoid a considerable risk, have to take a shorter club than a driver from the tee and very few object to having to do so, but most players do object if the first shot of the round cannot be played with reasonable safety with a driver, unless the course starts with a one-shot hole.

Sir Guy suggests that the first green be carried on about 130 yards and made like its immediate predecessor at the bottom of the hill on the right.

THE present second hole is discarded and the new second played from a tee to the side of the new first green along the present seventh fairway to the present third green which, of course, will be re-modelled.

The present fourth hole disappears and the new third hole is played from slightly in front of the present fourth tees to the present fifth green. The new fourth hole will be the present sixth hole, except that a new green will be constructed in the sand dunes to the left of the present green.

The fifth hole will be played from the present seventh tee in the sand dunes, which has not been in play lately, along a fairway on the high ground to the present seventh green; this allows the old fairway to be used with safety for the second hole.

The sixth hole will be the present eighth and then Sir Guy plays his seventh and eighth holes on the new land. The tee to the seventh will be about fifty yards beyond the present eighth green on the top of the sand dunes and the tee shot will be played just to the left of the present ninth tees; this should provide a fine tee shot over sand dunes and then the second shot is dog-legged to the left to a new green situated under the sand hill on the left.

The eighth tee shot will be played nearly over the light railway station and the green will be constructed comfortably short of the new fourteenth green. The players then tee on the sand-hill on their right, and as their ninth hole play a one-shot hole to the present ninth green, which will be slightly re-modelled.

THE tenth hole will be roughly the present tenth slightly lengthened by putting the tee back a little and also by making a new green further on, and to the left of the present site, in a natural valley in the gorse.

The eleventh hole will be as at present except that the tee will be moved a little to the right. The twelfth hole will be the present twelfth with the tee shot thrown further to the right, where a new fairway will be prepared. This alteration not only improves the angle of the second shot but also allows the tee shot to the sixteenth hole to be played on to the lower ground.

Semi-Finalists for the Julier Cup

Play for the Julier Cup for mixed foursomes was round St. Moritz's Samaden course: standing behind their caddies are four semi-finalists — Signor Giovanni Fummi and Lady Anne Fummi, Lord Crawford's second daughter, the Marchesa Ludovica Niccolini and M. Francis Vagliano. The Fummis were the victors

South Herts.' New Secretary

W. W. Cressy has just been elected and was photographed outside the club-house

Only very minor alterations are suggested to the thirteenth (Sea Hole) and the fourteenth will be unchanged and the fifteenth will be practically the same as at present.

The sixteenth tee will be in the old position to the right of the fifteenth green and the tee shot will be played, as I have already told you, to the left of the present line on to the low ground and the present green will be used.

The seventeenth, a short hole, will be played from the present seventeenth tees to a new green short of the back tee to the present eighteenth hole. Sir Guy told me that this hole will be something like the fifth at Mildenhall without a single bunker; if it is anything like the fifth at Mildenhall it will, without question, be a very good hole. I always consider the fifth at Mildenhall the best short hole I have ever seen on any golf course. The eighteenth hole will be the present eighteenth.

AT first glance Sir Guy's scheme may appear to entail very extensive alterations, but if you look into it more carefully, you will find that actually it does not. If you allow—and I think all sensible men must—that extra land is essential for the improvement of the course, it is clear that at least two holes must be made on the new land.

The construction of the two new holes, the seventh and eighth, and the new first green are the most extensive and also the most important jobs. The preparation of the new fairways at the fifth, twelfth and sixteenth holes will not cost very much money and the new greens at the fourth, tenth and seventeenth holes and the re-modelling of the third and ninth greens are, although great improvements, not absolutely essential and can be made over a period of time as funds for the work are available.

Play on the present course will not be affected to any great extent while the work on the alterations is being carried out.

This England . . .

Bournemouth from Branksome

OZONE, they say . . . sea air . . . the change will do you good. And so it is. Yet if we think upon it, the greatest good comes surely of the unaccustomed exercise we take. For of what use are the great airs under a wider sky if our lungs are not opened to them. What walkers we become, how we rejoice to feel the soil of another England (yet still our own) under the feet, and savour the sweet odours that sun and rain release. And when little-used muscles cry a halt, how grand to laze in the cool dim parlour of an inn before a Worthington—its tawny gleam a promise of new vitality drawn from our own rich earth.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE Crystal Palace experiment of a "mixed-grill" meeting, with pedal-cycle, motor-cycle, sidecar and car races, was one which can safely be described as most successful.

That there was a very small attendance of spectators is nothing to judge by, for those potential spectators who were not away holiday-making on August 14th, were naturally in two minds about turning out in weather which augured so diabolically, and the fact that as many people did turn up as were there, should be a source of encouragement to these enterprising promoters.

Certainly the spectators who did brave the elements received their reward, for the racing throughout the afternoon was of an excellent order, while the Crystal Palace Crazy Gang certainly left no car unturned, so to speak, in an effort to make the finish of the race for the Crystal Palace Cup dramatically thrilling.

HADLEY, on the Austin, started off the limit mark 75 seconds ahead of the scratch man, "B. Bira," driving his reconditioned Maserati. So well did Hadley get along that, three laps before the finish, there was still some doubt as to whether or not "Bira" could catch him. The next time they came round, however, "Bira" had spurted to such good effect that he was only about 250 yards behind Hadley, and it was obvious that the Austin would be passed—probably in full view of the grand-stand, the next time round.

When Hadley and "Bira" re-appeared, the latter was only 20 yards behind the Austin, and with one more lap to go, the result seemed obvious, and it was only really a question of *where* "Bira" would go up to take the lead. So quick was Hadley round the Stadium Curve that, contrary to the expectations of some of us, "Bira" had not passed him by the end of the straight past the grand-stand, but it was a foregone conclusion that he would do so on the Terrace straight.

Meanwhile, a great scrap had also been going on for third place between Parnell's M.G., Mrs. Petre's Austin and Maclure's Riley. These three cars were coming rapidly into the Stadium dip, Parnell in front of Mrs. Petre, with Maclure right on her tail.

Suddenly there was a gasp from the crowd. "Bira" had skidded right round in taking the Ramp Bend at the end of the straight, and, before we could properly recover our breath in the realisation that victory must now, after all, go to Hadley, Parnell had done the same thing on Stadium dip, right in front of the other two cars. Parnell quickly got going again, rather hampering the other cars in so doing, and actually re-passed Mrs. Petre *on the inside* rounding the Stadium curve—a proceeding which in my code is strictly verboten—while Maclure, who had bided his time during these excitements, passed Mrs. Petre in the Stadium straight.

Hadley won by almost 23 seconds from "Bira," with Parnell half-a-second ahead of Maclure, whose "unblown" Riley had effectually held off the supercharged six-cylinder Maserati throughout. The crowd got its breath back and then—down came the cloudburst which had obligingly held off until the winner was having his photograph taken!

The centre of this rainy but cheery group taken after the race for the Crystal Palace Cup is the winner, H. L. Hadley, holding his trophy and sitting up in his supercharged Austin. Right is "B. Bira" (Maserati), who came second

THE next big excitement is the Junior Car Club's International 200-miles race at Donington next Saturday. This scratch race has attracted twenty-one first-rate entries, the largest car being the 3800 c.c. Alfa Romeo of Hans Ruesch, holder of the Donington lap record, and the smallest being H. L. Brooke's 1087 c.c. "Riley-M.G."

As usual, Maclure's marvellous little 1½-litre Riley will be the only unsupercharged car. Once again "B. Bira's" Maserati and the E.R.A. of Raymond Mays will be pitted against each other, and a special welcome will be accorded to Earl Howe, who returns to racing in this event at the wheel of his E.R.A.

An interesting newcomer to British racing is "Steve" Chiappini, the young South African who finished third in the last South African Grand Prix, and who will be driving a 2494 c.c. Maserati next Saturday.

This "Phantom III." Rolls-Royce is on part of the highest through-road in Europe, the Col d'Iseran, which forms the final link in the summer-time Route des Alpes

FURTHER to my remarks in the BYSTANDER a few weeks ago concerning the heavy cost of transporting a racing car from one meeting to another, I have been sent a copy of a trade paper dealing with commercial vehicle and tractor business in which my attention was drawn to a paragraph headed "Racing Men's Needs."

The paragraph advises hirers of commercial vehicles to get into touch with motoring clubs whose members indulge in racing as "something may be learned to their advantage."

I certainly echo the advice contained in that paragraph. I am sure that many more drivers attending speed trials and hill climbs would entrust their cars to reliable transport firms as an alternative to towing them, if they knew where such reliable transport firms were to be found.

I LEARN from D. J. Scammell, secretary of the British Racing Drivers' Club, that this year's B.R.D.C. "500," despite its shortening from 500 miles to 500 kilometres (or is it *because* of it?), is destined to be the most successful in the history of the Club.

Since its inception in 1929, this race has always been the fastest long-distance race in the world, and the increased number of foreign entries for this year's event promises well for it in its new form.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

...e modern sweet seventeen ... longer dresses like an ...ergrown child but is a ...odel of poise and sophisti...ion. She wears the most ...rming Felicity's frocks ...ich have been specially designed by Mercia, and ...ain a certain youthful simplicity. The dress on the right is exceptionally graceful carried out in black ...e bark crêpe with a clinging skirt and pinafore top. It is suitable for numerous occasions and is particularly smart for restaurant or cinema wear. A pleasing dash of white is introduced by the demure vest and puff sleeves composed of endless frills in crisp lace. Orchid lace with a cobweb design over taffeta makes another picturesque Felicity's frock, with a full skirt springing from the knees and a becoming bolero. These models are sold by all well-known stores, but any enquiries may be directed to 75, Wells Street, Oxford Street

Felt is once more to the fore at Henry Heath's, 172, New Bond Street, who are showing an interesting collection of autumn hats. Among them is the model above with a dipping brim and angular crown. It is trimmed with a roll of petersham in two contrasting colours, and costs two and a half guineas. Apart from hats, Henry Heath specialise in severely tailored travel coats in rich tweeds such as Harris, Galway, and Cumberland, either checked, mixed or plain, in a variety of lovely colours. They range from five to eight guineas

The ideal travelling hat which can be rolled into a tight cone and will not spoil in the rain is seen above. It is made of unspottable fur felt dyed a deep turquoise green, and is trimmed with petersham. The soft crown can be tucked to suit the wearer and the brim is equally becoming worn up or down. Henry Heath's have it in various colours and all sizes for two and a half guineas. Another jaunty model which can be adapted to any shape only costs 21s. 9d., while two guineas is the cost of an Austrian velour hat

Dressed for the Country

A well-cut tailor-made is a great standby to a woman as it always looks smart and can be suitably worn for the greater part of the year, particularly with a fur stole. The classic suit on the left is designed and made by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, in a multi-coloured Saxony suiting with a fine check. It has a double-breasted coat with an inset belt across the back and hip pockets edged with the reversed material. The panelled skirt is straight and slim, though it widens imperceptibly towards the hem, and the price is ten guineas made to order

Scott Bushe

The Bystander Twins

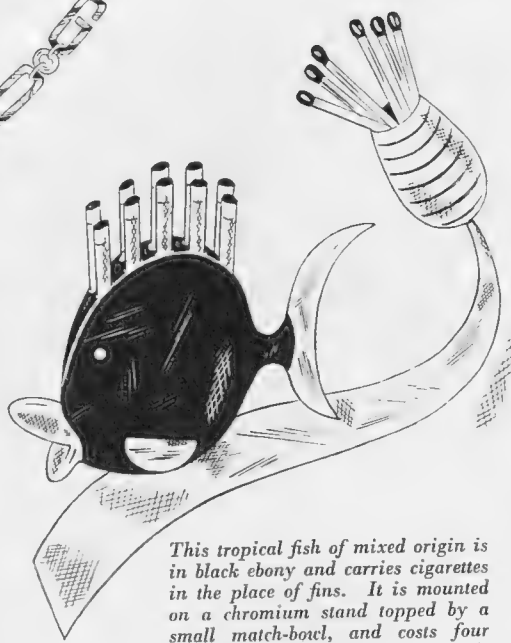
in search of

pictured by pam

NOVELTIES

discovered by peta

What with lucky charms and mascots, good fortune should be plentiful this year. A new idea is to carry the magic words on your wrist, and Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly, are showing gold bracelets composed of capital letters. They cost nine guineas and look well with tweeds



This tropical fish of mixed origin is in black ebony and carries cigarettes in the place of fins. It is mounted on a chromium stand topped by a small match-bowl, and costs four pounds fifteen shillings at Dunhill's

A free gift is always welcome, and Yardley's, 33, Old Bond Street, are offering for a limited period a sample bottle of their After Shaving Lotion to all who buy their half-crown bowls of shaving soap. The latter produces a rich, creamy lather which would soften the toughest growth, while the lotion should be used before and after

Travellers will appreciate this fountain pen with a double nib which may be filled with two different inks. It works with a screw action, and whichever nib is not being used disappears automatically. Dunhill's have it from 50s.

These decorative gilt holders are designed like hunting horns with screw tips which will fit any size cigarette. They are made in four lengths ranging in price from 6s. 6d. to 8s. 6d., and come from Harvey Nichols and Co., Knightsbridge

There is something very rural about combing your hair with a leaf or even a fish from the garden pond. Sketched are two pocket combs from Harvey Nichols; the top one has a leaf-shaped Morocco case, and the other is wrapped in snake-skin

The King's Cup Race Entries

By Charles Ward

THIRTY aeroplanes have been entered for this year's King's Cup Race, which is to be flown on September 10th and 11th. An analysis of a rather interesting list reveals no fewer than nine Percival "Gulls" (six "Vega Gulls" and three "Mew Gulls"), eight Miles' machines in six different types, four British Aircraft products (two "Eagles" and two "Double Eagles"), and the rest miscellaneous. New types are represented by the Miles' "Hobby," the "T.K.4" (entered by Viscountess Wakefield), and the Ross Monoplane. Most of the others are standard types with the usual sprinkling of hotted-up old-stagers. An interesting entry is the "Comet" which won the MacRobertson Race to Australia. All are single-engined machines except the twin-engined "Comet," the two "Double Eagles," and the four-engined Short "Scion Senior" entered by Mr. H. O. Short.

Judging from these entries, some fast times should be put up.

R. J. Waight is to pilot this machine in the King's Cup Race; it was built by students of the de Havilland technical school and is of special design

Signs of the Times

CONTRIBUTIONS for the Benevolent Fund of the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators are still being received, and the total is now on the way towards £3000.

Few of the grown-up generation could have imagined that they would live to see an air pilots' trades union, yet that, in fact, is well on the way—even though it may be called by another name. But aviation is moving swiftly, and pilots have found that an organisation is necessary to watch their interests, for points that few could foresee are now arising. For example, most people know that in addition to a flat salary all airline pilots are paid by "flying-time"—that is, they receive a bonus for every hour actually spent in the air—and this flying-pay forms the sheet-anchor of their incomes. Now consider the case of a pilot who flies to Paris and back twice a day. In the past, that may have taken eight hours' actual flying-time, which, at 10s. an hour, would total £4 a day or £24 for a six-day week. Suddenly he is equipped with a machine of just double the speed. He covers the same ground, but has only four hours' flying to show for it. In other words, he finds his income reduced by half!

Such matters will, of course, be adjusted in time, but in the meanwhile pilots are getting together to safeguard their interests.

Keep Clear

IF they have not already done so, pilots should make themselves acquainted with the new Notice to Airmen regarding prohibited areas. Flying over certain districts is absolutely forbidden, regardless of height, and the penalty for so doing can be anything up to six months' hard labour and a fine of £200.

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The Scream

(Continued from page 293)

sun, his bull chest throbbing. When he sat down to eat, he ate without a grace; when at nightfall he lay down in the shelter of a ditch or a bush, he slept without a prayer. And his matins was the dreaming scream that fed the rage and terror that drove him on.

Terror, not of death, for that he did not fear, but of the sacrilege that was being done. Rage, not at his countrymen, but at Christ who permitted Himself to be cast out, who permitted His nuns to become mad, His priests to be hunted through the land.

Well, he would bring Christ back. He would drown those screams with chants to the glory of God. To the west there were men who still bared their heads to a priest, upon whose breasts the crucifix still chinked against the buttons and medals of war. To them would he go, over the ravaged land.

JOSELITO'S family were so poor that when another was born into it his father wept. But his mother only smiled and hugged the bawling infant to her warm, grimy breast, and went about her work and the hovel they lived in, humming love songs, and waiting for the next baby.

There were eleven besides Joselito. He was neither the oldest nor the youngest. But he was the brightest, and he learned to read. Most of his reading was the Bible, and from it he learned about the brotherhood of man. He looked about him at his own town, where the people starved and laughed and died in poverty, and to his swift, fifteen-year-old eyes it seemed that the only man who was fat and ate well was the priest. It seemed also to him that only the churches were rich—that their gold and vestments would have been more glorious to God had they been transformed into the plump and well-fed flesh of the worshippers.

A religious fever burned in his slender child's body. When word came of the war, he marched joyfully to meet it.

He was given a rifle, and with it manhood was thrust upon him, for now he held other men's death in his hands, and any man's woman in his arms. There was noise and terror and exultation, the screech of shells, the scream of drunken women, the hysteria of killing and power and being hunted, of shooting down rabbits that had the shape of men—men so fat and sleek that for him they masked the emaciated figure of Christ, whose gold and tawdry trappings obscured the stark angles of the Cross.

JOSELITO and Father Ernesto met one blazing noonday in the ruins of a little village whose name they had never heard. Joselito and his companions were crouched in the doorways of a shattered street; Father Ernesto and his companions were advancing warily up it.

Father Ernesto was gaunter now. He no longer wore the peasant's smock, but strode in his cassock, dusty and stained, belted with bandolier and holster against which a crucifix chinked.

The noonday sun glittered upon it, striking little rainbows of dazzling light from its silver bars. To Joselito, who had been crazed for weeks now with bravado and terror and blood, it was a taunt. He raised his rifle, ran a little way into the centre of the dazzling street, and fired.

Father Ernesto fired, too. He was older and his aim was better. Joselito fell with a curious little cry, like a child that is hungry. There was a sputter of gunfire, and Father Ernesto and his followers advanced again up the street, cautiously, revolvers in their hands.

As they passed Joselito the priest's cassock brushed the boy's face. He opened his eyes and screamed.

But Father Ernesto did not hear; for in his head there hammered only his desire to bring Christ back into the land again.

THE END.

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(16th Year) Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1936 or 1937, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1937 **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON AUGUST

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* ....

Address .....

.....

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NEW Autumn Ensembles

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(SECOND FLOOR)

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Getting Married : The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Ann Barlow

Is the daughter of Major R. G. Barlow, late Seaforth Highlanders, and Mrs. Barlow, and is engaged to C. R. H. Kindersley, H.L.I. (now stationed in India), eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and the late Mrs. A. O. L. Kindersley, of Hamstead Grange, Yarmouth, I.O.W.

Tunbridge

Barbara Jean Teago

Is the daughter of the late Capt. C. D. Teago and Mrs. Teago, of King's Whin, Charlwood, Surrey; she is to marry Alastair Davies, younger son of the late A. L. Davies and Mrs. Davies, of Bowral, N.S.W.

Tunbridge

Constance Helen Street

Is to marry Lieut. Gerald Culme-Seymour, only son of Lieut.-Com. and Mrs. Evelyn Culme-Seymour, of Nairne Lodge, Duddingston, Edinburgh; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rendell Street, of Sydney, N.S.W.

Lenare

Nancy Blake

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Blake, of Monckton House, Alverstoke, and is engaged to Jocelyn James Douglas-Groves, R.E., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas-Groves, of Westholme, Vancouver Island

Douglas

Honor Lucas

Is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Lucas, of Bramblehurst, East Grinstead, Sussex; she is engaged to Cedric Marsden, of 67, Neville Court, N.W.8, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Marsden

Lenare

Joyce Pilkington

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Pilkington, of 61, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, and is engaged to Guy Jamieson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Auldjo Jamieson, of Nether Abbey, North Berwick

Hay Wrightson

Anne Cole-Hamilton

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cole-Hamilton, of Fourways, Hoddesdon, Herts.; she is engaged to Lieut. David Cole-Hamilton, second son of the Rev. R. M. and Mrs. Cole-Hamilton, of Llangattock Rectory, Crickhowell, Breconshire

Catherine Bell

Hazel Mary Olive

Is the youngest daughter of the late Leonard Olive and Mrs. Olive, of 4, Pembroke Vale, Clifton, Bristol, and is engaged to Thomas Cradock Maples, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Maples, of 12, Cleveland Square, W.2

Lenare

Elizabeth Laing

Is the daughter of the late Dr. J. T. C. Laing and Mrs. Laing, of 19, Balliol House, Manor Green, S.W.15; she is engaged to Hugh Peter Bramwell, only son of the late Hugh Bramwell and Mrs. Bramwell, of 19, Knightsbridge Court, Sloane Street

Lenare

Diana March-Phillipps

Is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Lisle and Mrs. March-Phillipps, of Barn End, Henley-on-Thames, and is engaged to Michael Redding, of 74, Curzon Street, W.1

Lenare

Marjorie Estrella Tattersfield

Is the only daughter of the late Clifford Tattersfield and Mrs. Tattersfield, of Allerton Lodge, Harrogate Road, Leeds, and is engaged to Edward Guy Morgan, only son of Dr. and the late Mrs. Edward Morgan, of Aylesham House, North Walsham, Norfolk

Pearl Freeman

Gwendolen Ruth Walker

Is the daughter of the Rev. F. W. and Mrs. Walker, of Papua, and is engaged to David Rennie, eldest son of Mr. James Rennie, of Park House, Ingrave, Essex

Campbell — Leatham

Alastair Edward Henry Campbell, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, and Catherine Leatham, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Leatham and Mrs. Leatham, of King's Grange, Dalbeattie, Kirkcudbrightshire, were married in Edinburgh

Berry — Lysaght

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Paul Berry, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, only surviving son of the late H. S. Berry and Mrs. Berry, of Ashridge, Totnes, Devon, married Violet Lysaght, daughter of Mr. Henry Lysaght and Mrs. Lysaght, of Kilmacoom, Doneraile, Co. Cork

Ford — Richardson

Squadron-Leader Richard James Alexander Ford, elder son of General Sir Richard Ford and the late Mrs. Ford, of Eastney Lodge, Folkestone, and Mrs. Constance Richardson, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Broadbent, of Whitehaven, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office

Gardner — Bradley

Steven Gardner, R.A.F., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Gardner, of Groomsport, and Theodora Elaine Bradley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bradley, of Ardlui, Helen's Bay, Ulster, were married at Belfast

McClintock — Wise

James Perry McClintock, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hubert McClintock, of Portlaw, Co. Waterford, and Beatrice Orme Wise, daughter of the late Major Frank Wise, of Rochestown Castle, Co. Tipperary, and Mrs. Hutchinson, of Hymenstown House, Cahir, Co. Tipperary, were married at Cahir

Tothill — Mattei

At St. James's, Spanish Place, Lieut.-Com. John Anthony Tothill, younger son of the late Admiral Sir Hugh Tothill and Lady Tothill, of The Chantry, Bradford-on-Avon, married Mary Bagshawe Mattei, younger daughter of the late Marchese Mattei, of Capua Palace, Malta, and Teresa Marchesa Mattei (née Bagshawe)

Cooper — Delgado

Austin Cooper, eldest son of the late Major Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, of Killenure Castle, Dundrum, Co. Tipperary, married Isobel Gloria Delgado at Corfe Mullen, Dorset. She is the only daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Delgado, of Bournemouth

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 25 — August 31

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name-part of this amusing, crooked long-runner: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUXTON FESTIVAL.—The Old Vic company, with Diana Wynyard, Emlyn Williams and Marie Ney, in a season of Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Shaw.

THE FIRST LEGION.—A sincere and gripping treatment of the miracle question in a Jesuit brotherhood among whom are C. V France, Franklin Dyall and Colin Keith-Johnston: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GERTIE MAUDE.—Carol Goodner is the centre of this interesting but rather ordinary Van Druten play: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OLD MUSIC.—Set in the middle of last century, with Whistler décor and superb Benda dresses, it tells a romantic triangle story ably interpreted by Hugh Williams, Celia Johnson, and Greer Garson: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST.—Viola Tree as Juno; Leslie French, Ion Swinley, Laidman Browne: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—The top production of the summer; Pamela Stanley's Queen is fine acting, Carl Esmond excellent as Albert; the Whistler settings are superb: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COTTON CLUB REVUE.—Preceded by variety turns, this famous, fantastic riot of colour makes the Palladium shake every night at 6.20 and 9, and on Wed., Thurs. 2.30 (last three days).

REVUDEVILLE No. 95.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy. 8.30. Thurs., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond. Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's: 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

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THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—By the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*, this thriller about crooks has the same pleasing touch; Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

"Stradivarius"

A violin by the Cremona master is the hero, Pierre Richard Willm and Edwige Feuillère are in support in this French film of the war-time, directed by de Bolvary. At the Curzon

First Nights

WANTED FOR MURDER.—A drama which starts in Tussauds' Chamber of Horrors and continues in that genre; Arthur Sinclair and Louise Hampton: Lyceum, to-night, 25th.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's newest follows a time theme in a family with Jean Forbes-Robertson as daughter: Duchess, Thurs., 26th.

CINEMAS

A CASTLE IN FLANDERS (German).—Marta Eggerth acts brilliantly opposite Paul Hartmann, and sings some husky melodies in this modern romance: Berkeley.

EASY LIVING (American).—Edward Arnold, Ray Milland and Jean Arthur in a smarty comedy of errors in high life; first-class light entertainment: Carlton.

FOR YOU ALONE (American).—Grace Moore still sings, but musical comedy, not opera, and fits excellently, with Cary Grant opposite: Tivoli.

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME (American).—A musical, costume picture about the oil-tapping 'nineties; Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott: Plaza.

HIS AFFAIR (American).—Robert Taylor has Barbara Stanwyck opposite and Victor McLaglen alongside in a tangled tale of crime with an unjust happy ending: Gaumont.

LET'S MAKE A NIGHT OF IT (British).—Buddy Rogers and June Clyde head a huge variety cast with several dance bands in this musical: Regal.

LOST HORIZON (American).—This long runner from Hilton's book has some splendid shots and a good story and some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Marble Arch Pavilion.

PARIS-MEDITERRANNÉE (French).—Second of the Continental repertory season stars Annabella: Studio One.

SARATOGA (American).—Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow in her last film, finished posthumously; a big-scale entertainment: Empire.

STRADIVARIUS (French).—A violin by the great maker with a curse on it is the leitmotif; Edwige Feuillère and Pierre Richard Willm star in this sombre film: Curzon

UNDER THE RED ROBE (British).—Conrad Veidt and Annabella are the stars, with Raymond Massey as Richelieu, in another ambitious historical panorama from Stanley Weyman: New Gallery.

WOMAN CHASES MAN (American).—Miriam Hopkins choses Joel McCrea; also *Let's Get Married*, with light-hearted Ida Lupino: London Pavilion.

YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE (Polo-Yiddish).—A Jewish comedy set in Poland with Yiddish dialogue, fine country shots and curious sense of humour; Molly Picon leads: Academy.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in the perennial season of representative music: Queen's Hall, 8.15:

BACH-HANDEL CONCERT.—Six soloists in the former's 4th and 6th Brandenburg Concertos and D minor piano Concerto; the latter's D minor organ Concerto: to-night, 25th.

SIBELIUS CONCERT.—His 3rd and 4th Symphonies, D minor piano Concerto (Telmanyi), Festivo and two episodes from the Kalevala: Thurs., 26th.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—His 1st Leonora Overture, B flat piano Concerto (Frank Mannheimer), 7th Symphony; also a Handel aria (Ruth Naylor), and Mozart's Giovanni Overture: Fri, 27th.

MIXED CONCERT.—May Blyth, Keith Falkner and Albert Sammons are the soloists; Haydn, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Strauss, Korsakov, Delius are the composers: Sat., 28th.

WAGNER CONCERT.—Oda Slobodskaya, Mary Jarred and Parry Jones in excerpts from the operas; also three of Holst's "Planets" and Borodin's "Igor" March: Mon., 30th.

LISZT-BUSONI.—The former's Faust Symphony and Les Préludes; the latter's comedy Overture, violin Concerto in D (Szigeti) and Rondo Arlecchineso: Tues., 31st.

SHOWS AND SPORT

RADIO EXHIBITION.—Opens to-day, 25th, at Olympia.

WAKEFILED CUP AIR RACE: Folkestone, Sat. and Sun. 28th and 29th.

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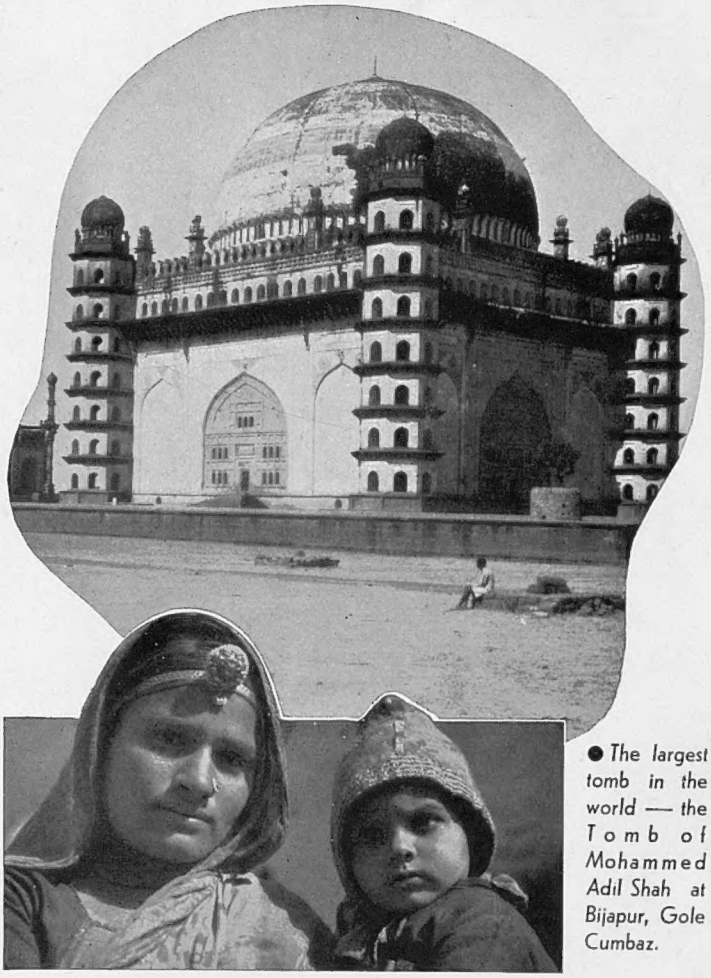

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Sir Edward : " 'Morning, Duggie. I want your advice in connection with my friend ' Brockhurst.' He 's become quite interested in racing since he inherited his title."

Duggie : " Hereditary feeling, I suppose, Sir Edward. His grandfather was a great racing man. Anything serious happened ? "

Sir Edward : " Not exactly serious, but unpleasant. Last week he 'phoned his bookmaker £100 each way ' SHUCKS '."

Duggie : " Lucky ' Brockhurst '—it won at 100/6."

Sir Edward : " Not so lucky; when he received his account there was no mention of ' SHUCKS ' but another horse—a loser—was substituted."

Duggie : " Any possibility of ' Brockhurst ' being mistaken ? "

Sir Edward : " Not the slightest. He dined the previous evening with Lord Bobs who owns ' SHUCKS,' that 's why he backed it. He insists that his bookie's 'phone operator took the bet and repeated it to him."

Duggie : " What does the bookmaker say ? "

Sir Edward : " He 's insistent upon his being right. What is ' Brockhurst ' to do ? "

Duggie : " It 's difficult to advise—simply one word against the other."

Sir Edward : " Seems damned hard, shakes one's confidence in betting by 'phone."

Duggie : " I agree, Sir Edward, 'phone betting can be most unsatisfactory ; 99% of the disputes between backer and bookmaker occur over 'phoned commissions. It is for that reason that I always recommend my clients to bet by telegram."

Sir Edward : " But one can't always make it convenient to look for Post Offices. Besides, lots of backers study the expense."

Duggie : " Both superfluous worries, Sir Edward. As regards Post Offices, it 's simple to send a telegram by 'phone—as to the expense, I defray the cost of telegrams."

Sir Edward : " Excellent. I 'll tell ' Brockhurst ' all you say. Meanwhile, will you arrange an account for him ? "

Duggie : " Certainly, Sir Edward . . . always a great pleasure to do business with any of your friends."

" Duggie Explains " series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

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